

The Daily Mirror

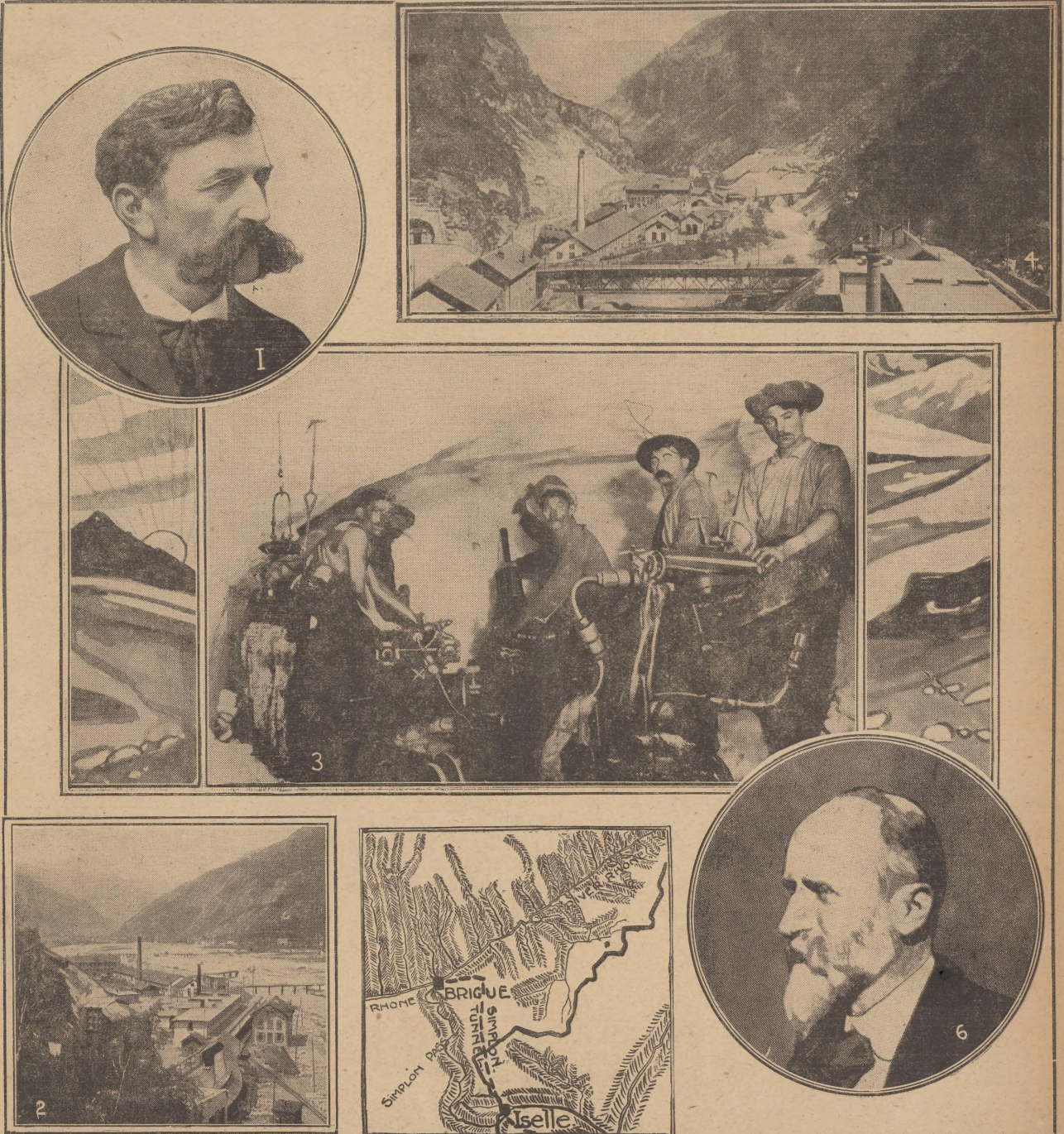
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

SIMPLON TUNNEL, 12½ MILES THROUGH THE ALPS, COMPLETED.



Yesterday morning the boring of the great Simplon tunnel—the longest in the world—was completed, in spite of the incredible difficulties which the engineers have had to face for the past six years. The photographs above are: (1) Baron Hugo von Kager, engineer-in-chief of the Swiss end of the tunnel. (2) View of the Swiss end. (3) The engineers boring the rock with the powerful hydraulic drills at the tunnel-head in the heart of the Alps. (4) The works at the Italian end of the tunnel. (5) Map showing the route which the tunnel takes through the Alps. (6) Herr Conrad Pressel, engineer-in-chief of the Italian end of the tunnel.—(Photographs reproduced by permission of the "Strand Magazine" and the Swiss Federal Railways.)

Feb. Napalm 39 Wilson Street London E.C. 4

REIGN OF ANARCHY IN RUSSIA.

Smouldering Revolt Again
Leaps Into Flame.

TROOPS CALLED OUT.

Police Threaten to Go on Strike
in Poland.

Russia's state goes from bad to worse. The smouldering fires of revolution yesterday again leaped into flame.

At St. Petersburg 50,000 men went out on strike, and at the Putiloff works, troops had to be called in.

At Warsaw the Cossacks rule with a hand of iron. Train services are suspended, and the mails between there and Lodz have to be carried by road. At a railway station in the Polish capital a policeman was yesterday shot dead by a student. Another policeman was severely wounded by rifle shots from the workmen.

Even the police in Warsaw threaten to strike. The city is menaced with complete darkness by the threatened strike of the gas-workers.

Moscow is in a terrible state. The employees of the Kazan Railway have come out on strike, and none but military trains can be run. Martial law is likely to be put into force.

At Batum business is paralysed, and night robberies go on apace.

All over the empire is a feeling of unrest, and it is said the revolution is only beginning.

Arrests of literary men go on. Eighteen were yesterday thrown into prison at Moscow.

It is said the revolutionary party have addressed a request to manufacturers in France for details of the way to set up and work a guillotine.

THE KING AND PEACE.

Lord Knollys denies the rumours associating the King with alleged negotiations for peace.

"The King," says his lordship in a message to the London correspondent of the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt," "has heard of no negotiations for peace."

WASHINGTON, Friday.—Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, declares that he has positive information from the highest officials in St. Petersburg that the war will be prosecuted with increased vigour.

Much is expected from General Kurapatkin at the opening of the spring campaign, in view of the reinforcements he will then have.—Reuter.

PARIS, Friday.—An account of an interview with Count Tolstoy in the "Matin" says:—
The famous author declared that he regarded the soldier who fired on an unarmed crowd, and the man who threw a bomb under a carriage as equally abominable.

GRAND DUCHESS VISITS ASSASSIN.

A St. Petersburg message of yesterday states that the Grand Duchess Elizabeth visited the murderer of her husband in prison. She was anxious to learn his motive, but he refused all information.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Farmers Have a Field Day—Budget and Dissolution.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—
This has been a field-day for the agricultural members, and they have made the most of their opportunity. The debate turned on an amendment of Mr. Channing—one of the many candidates for the presidency of the Board of Agriculture in a Liberal Administration—and was taken part in by nearly all the "experts" on both sides of the House. The principal points put forward concerned the depopulation of rural districts, security of tenure, and reduction of railway rates.

The improved prospect of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a good Budget is being much discussed in his bearing upon a possible early dissolution of Parliament. The prevailing vein, however, seems to be that the Government, if they are at all inclined to an appeal to the country, will take advantage of the popularity of any reductions in taxation Mr. Austen Chamberlain may be able to bring about, to test the opinion of the electorate. It is thought that by that time the Japanese-Russian war will probably be over, and this fact, combined with a popular Budget, will greatly increase Conservative prospects in the constituencies.

BUSINESS DONE.

Mr. Channing's amendment to the Address favouring the more thorough cultivation of the land and the extension of agricultural employment by legislation was rejected, the voting being:—For, 241; against, 165. Government majority, 76.

EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

Three-million-pound Tunnel Through the Roots of the Mountains Completed Yesterday.

NATURE BOWS TO MAN'S INGENUITY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

GENEVA, Friday.—At twenty minutes past seven this morning the piercing of the longest tunnel in the world was completed.

Since August 1898 two armies of borers have been at work driving two shafts through the rocky heart of the Alps under the Simplon Pass.

Four thousand men have been working from the Swiss side and 6,000 from the Italian. Gradually they have approached one another. Gradually, with drills and dynamite, they have forced their way through the bowels of the earth. This morning this stupendous feat of engineering—a feat which has been called the eighth wonder of the world—was brought to a successful issue.

The voices of two gangs of sweating, labour-stained men met through the hole and raised a cheer which rumbled with unearthly echoes through the finished tunnel. Then of course rejoicing was the order of the day.

The mining-camps on the sides of the mountains, which have been the homes of the workmen for six and a half years, ran with red wine. All the difficulties and the heavy labour were forgotten. The former had been conquered, the latter had borne fruit. The great undertaking was an accomplished fact.

HISTORY OF THE WORK.

Tremendous Cost in Treasure and in Human Life.

Before Napoleon's time there was no road even across the pass between the towering summits which at this point divide Switzerland from Italy. The Emperor had the road made in the earliest years of last century for a military purpose, and a fine road it is.

Everyone who knows Switzerland well, knows it; has driven or walked over it, marvelling at the beauty of the torrents which dash down either side, ice-cold from the glaciers at the top, and looked curiously at the huge Hospice at the road's highest point, used in these days only by shepherds.

Now the splendours of the pass can be enjoyed by those who can only travel in trains. But at what a cost this boon has been conferred upon them!

The money expense of the work was estimated, when the tunnel was finally decided upon in 1905, at £2,800,000. The time allowed for its completion was five and a half years. It has taken just a year longer than that to make, and probably not less than another half-million sterling has been spent upon it.

PLANS WORKED LIKE MAGIC.

As for the cost in human life, who can compute it? How many have been actually killed in the workings? How many more have crawled away, poisoned by the tunnel air, or with lungs affected by the terrible heat, to die in their beds—victims none the less to the great achievement? No one will ever know the exact numbers. Perhaps it is better so.

Before the actual work of boring began engineers had been at work for years upon the most careful measurements and plans. They had to guarantee that the two parties of workmen would work towards one another in an exact line. Wonderful instruments, almost magical in their accuracy, enabled them to be certain that the direction of the tunnels was being kept right.

At last they met, there was scarcely a hand's breadth between them. It seemed as simple a matter as fitting together two pieces of drainage in a suburban road!

TO PROTECT THE WORKERS.

Furthermore, every possible precaution had been taken to prevent the health of the workers from suffering. When the St. Gotthard tunnel was made the lack of ventilation caused many breakdowns, and the clouds of rock-dust which followed every explosion and accompanied the ceaseless work of the drills, got into the lungs, and produced what is called miners' phthisis. To meet this first difficulty it was decided to make a double tunnel all the way through.

Passages connecting the two were pierced at intervals, and as the work progressed all but the one nearest to the boring party were closed up. The air was driven by a huge electrical fan into one of the tunnels. It roared through it like a hurricane, then passed through the passage near the boring party, and came back through the other tunnel. So the air of both tunnels was kept fairly pure and fairly cool, as tunnel air goes.

The other difficulty, that of the rock-dust, was

got over by an invention of one of the heads of the Swiss firm which has carried out the enterprise. He invented a new kind of drill, which makes no dust. A ceaseless stream of water flows through it. As fast as the rock is ground away, the water washes the particles off. Mr. Brand's happy idea has saved many lives, and in the future it will save many more. It is one of the most ingenious and beneficent inventions of our time.

He also stopped the dust which before had always been caused by the explosions of the blasting cartridges. The drills make ten holes in the rock face. Into these are put a very powerful explosive. Then the miners go back some distance, and wait for the dull roar which tells them that a fresh instalment of their work has been done, and that it is time to go forward again and shovel away the broken mass.

Formerly they used to wait also for the clouds of dust that came from the shattered rock-face. Mr. Brand's plan included a device for hurling a mass of water upon the rock the moment after the explosion took place, so as to damp down the dust in the most effectual way.

ANGRY NATURE'S FIRST CHECK.

The first serious difficulty that was met with in the piercing process was when the drills began to bore not into the hard rock, which was supposed to run all through the heart of the mountain, but into soft, friable, crumbly rock. A danger-signal indeed!

The solid rock never plays tricks. You can go on boring into it as long as you please with perfect safety. It stands as firm as the foundations of the world.

But this sturdy substance is very different stuff. At any moment there may be a sudden fall. All the workers would be buried, and the work would be stopped until the mass could be cleared away.

The work, therefore, has to be done under a huge steel shield, which would protect them if there was a collapse above, and it is slow and troublesome, and more expensive.

However, the piercers worked through this "pocket" at last, and for a long time little was heard of the progress of their labour. "Happy is the nation that has no history." The same applies them they were getting on all right.

Then, all of a sudden, in October last, the world began to learn a great deal about them. The Soft Rock Devil had been beaten. Now they had to cope with the Hot Water Fiend.

SPRINGS OF BOILING WATER.

They had struck on a series of springs of boiling water. If these had been tapped in some pleasant spot suitable for a "cure-place," fortunes would have been made out of cure-houses, and hotels and casinos, and so on. In the midst of the Simplon tunnel works they were a hideous nuisance, and a terrible danger as well.

It seemed as if the work might be stopped indefinitely. Engineers shook their heads. A Swiss expert declared that the tunnel could never be completed.

Fortunately his prediction was falsified. The contracting firm, rich in resource, hit upon means of carrying off the water successfully, and drilling operations were resumed after a short delay.

Nature had done her worst. She saw that she had to deal with men determined to force her stronghold and to drive a great hole through the very roots of the mountains.

As fast as she put obstacles in their way, so fast they cleared them away. Nature gave up the contest. She sank back vanquished, and victorious Man passed proudly on to the completion of his design.

LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.

The main objects of the Simplon Tunnel are to shorten the journey from Chalais to Milan (and therefore from London all the way to Italy), and to secure a share of the tourist traffic for railways which at present get next to none of it.

There are three tunnels through the Alps already. The Mont Cenis, completed in 1870, 8 miles in length; the St. Gotthard, completed in 1883, 9½ miles; the Arlberg, running into the Austrian Tyrol, completed in 1884, 6½ miles.

The length of the Simplon Tunnel, 12½ miles, will make it the longest tunnel in the world. It is just about three times as long as the Severn Tunnel, the only one we have in this country which could be compared with it at all.

The Swiss President sent messages to the King of Italy and the Italian Premier, hoping the tunnel would draw Switzerland and Italy closer together.

The municipalities of Lausanne and Milan also exchanged friendly telegrams.

The photographs reproduced on the front page are lent by the "Strand Magazine," in the current number of which appears an interesting article on the subject.

"GTAUGHTER OF A SERVANT."

Startling End of the Case Against
Lord Townshend.

SCENE IN COURT.

"Beautiful Mrs. Sheffield's" History
Dramatically Disclosed.

"The daughter of a servant!"

Horror seized the fashionable throng which had invaded counsel's seats and turned King's Bench, Court V. into the semblance of a society "at home." The ladies felt for their smelling-bottles. The men muttered under their breath. There was a rustle of stupefied disgust, a murmur of indignation and disappointment.

They had come, these society folk, to see a woman who was said to be the daughter of a British naval officer, the daughter of a Spanish donna; a woman who was supposed to be the widow of a famous and wealthy sportsman; a woman who had associated with baronets and millionaires from her infancy. They had come to see this woman, who had failed to become a marchioness, go into the witness-box and say how she had been jilted by the Marquis of Townshend.

And what had happened? Her case had broken down and been abandoned. Mr. Gill had denounced her as an utter fraud. No descendant of Spanish hidalgos—a daughter of a servant instead!

A barmaid who had been behind a London bar, not the first lady in the field in Irish hunts! A girl who had been brought up in a little South-ampton public-house, not the god-daughter of a baronet!

MR. GILL HOT AND FLUSHED.

There stood Mr. Gill, K.C., hot and flushed with the denunciation that he had just made. There was no doubt it was true. Mr. Abel Thomas, the other K.C., was not attempting to deny it. He was sitting, disgusted and discomfited, protesting, indeed, against anything further being said, but unable to contradict Mr. Gill. Mr. Thomas himself had just admitted that he would not go on with the case. The daughter of a servant! It was only too true!

The only person in court—outside the circle of impassive court officials—on whose face disappointed disgust was not written was John James Dudley Stuart, sixth Marquis of Townshend, the man whose action had been triumphantly vindicated.

What had happened in Mr. Justice Grantham's court yesterday to lead up to this situation of dramatic disgust was briefly as follows:—

Mr. Abel Thomas had resumed his speech detailing the wrongs of his client, Mrs. Evelyn Diana Turnout Sheffield (daughter of Viscountess d'Orlando, in Burke). His client herself was not in court. She had appeared for a moment, and shown a handsome face surmounted by fair hair and an elegant toque, and then had gone. But Mr. Thomas pursued his eloquent way despite her absence.

He was just in the middle of a description of how Mrs. Sheffield had "died her breath out" by a proposal about settlements from the Marquis's legal adviser when his eloquence died away.

Mr. Thomas's junior had taken advantage of a moment when Mr. Gill was raising a point of law to whisper something to Mr. Thomas.

THE THUNDERBOLT FALLS.

Then, when Mr. Gill had finished, the famous Welsh K.C. said:—

"My Lord, since I came here this morning certain advice has been given me, and I do not propose to proceed with the case."

Then it was that Mr. Gill jumped up and hurled his "daughter-of-a-servant" thunderbolt into the midst of the society folk. Mr. Gill was determined to have his say on behalf of the Marquis, let Mr. Thomas protest ever so much that the case was over.

The woman's story about her birth and bringing-up was a tissue of falsehoods, Mr. Gill declaimed. She was the daughter of a servant; had lived in a public-house; she had been a barmaid. Yet she had the audacity to tell a falsehood in Burke.

The torrent of Mr. Gill's indignation was checked by the Judge, who remarked that enough had been said. Then a verdict was returned for the defendant.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A general strike affecting all local industries broke out at Quimper, Finistère, yesterday.—Reuter.

Bodies of eight merchant sailors, supposed to be British, says Reuter, have been washed up on the French coast near Brest.

Three schoolboys, daring each other to run in front of a Frankfurt-Wesel express, were caught by the buffers and instantly killed.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S BREAKDOWN.

Heart of the English-Speaking
World Touched with Sympathy.

COUNTLESS MESSAGES.

The sudden breakdown of Sir Henry Irving's health and the abandonment of his farewell tour have aroused very great sympathy all over the English-speaking world, for the great actor's fame and kindly nature have become household words.

Since Thursday morning telegrams have been continually arriving at the Star and Carter Hotel, Wolverhampton, from all parts of the Empire and the United States, containing messages of sympathy and earnest hopes for his speedy recovery. Waiters carry them up in batches.

The thoughts of thousands in all walks of life are with the honoured veteran lying propped up with pillows in his room at Wolverhampton.

Forced To Give In by Weakness.

His medical advisers had great difficulty in persuading Sir Henry to give up his tour, but on Thursday he was too weak to stand, and absolute rest was the only solution.

His journey on Sunday from Bath to Wolverhampton, in bitter weather, snow falling heavily, led directly to the physical breakdown.

Sir Henry Irving has always been a strong man, remarkably free from sickness of any kind. Six years ago he had an attack of pneumonia at Glasgow, and some twelve years earlier he fell on the stage in "Richard III." and severely hurt his leg. Next year the famous actor will have completed fifty years behind the footlights, and, as he said to the *Daily Mirror* in April last year, on his return from America, "That is long enough for any man to work, and I will spend the remainder of my days in rest."

Miss Maude Fealy and the members of the company returned to London yesterday afternoon from Wolverhampton. Sickness or death terminates all theatrical contracts, but with his usual generosity Sir Henry ordered that each member of the company should receive two weeks' salary up to March 11.

No Thought for Themselves.

Actors and actresses on arrival at Euston had no thought for their own disappointment. All their anxiety was for the chief they loved.

The abandonment of the seven weeks' tour means a heavy financial loss. Eight towns had already been billed, and six box offices opened in advance. Hundreds of people will have to be refunded. Each theatre will have to secure some other attraction for the "Irving week" or remain closed.

In an interview with the *Daily Mirror* yesterday Miss Maude Fealy said:—

"I was so surprised at the sudden termination of the tour that I have hardly realised it yet. I was delighted with my engagement. Sir Henry was most kind and considerate to everyone."

"My contract with him is for the Drury Lane season and the American tour. I have no plans at present, but I may go to the south of France for a few weeks unless I take a short engagement in London."

"Played Better Than Ever."

"Sir Henry played better than ever on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. It was a great nervous effort, fighting to overcome weakness. Entire rest is the only remedy. There is no real malady to contend against."

Sir Henry's two medical advisers—Drs. Foxhall and Davies—are satisfied with the steady improvement in his condition, but state that he cannot be moved from Wolverhampton before Thursday or Friday of next week.

In April it is still hoped that he will make his first appearance on the stage of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

COOKING "PUT OUT."

That the custom of each family buying and cooking for itself is wasteful, was the conclusion of Mrs. Perkins Gilman at the Women's Institute yesterday.

Cooking, like washing, should be "put out," so that the housewife would have more time for her other duties.

EIGHTY-SIX DIE FROM MEASLES.

During the last six weeks eighty-six people have died from measles in Nottingham, and the epidemic shows no sign of abatement.

The victims of this extraordinary mortality are mostly infants.

JUDGE AND WASTE OF TIME.

"It is a great inconvenience and waste of time," said Mr. Justice Bigham at Northumberland Assizes yesterday, "to bring nearly two hundred men together to dispose of such a few cases. Assizes should be concentrated."

GREY COURT.

Mourning Dresses, but a Brilliant Throng
at the Palace.

The King and Queen held their second Court of the season last night at Buckingham Palace, and it was much more largely attended than the first.

Owing to the Court mourning for the Grand Duke Sergius, it was not nearly so brilliant as usual, for, in spite of the thoughtful order issued by the King that ladies who had already obtained coloured dresses might wear them, very few people availed themselves of this gracious permission.

Black and white gowns predominated, with here and there a mauve to relieve the monotony.

Very magnificent were the jewels worn—of course, exclusively pearls and diamonds—and they made a splendid show glistening on white necks and arms and on graceful heads; while, as a further relief, nearly all the women present carried exquisite bouquets of flowers.

There was no crushing or overcrowding, and the Throne Room was comfortably full when the royal party made their appearance. The Queen, all in glittering black, with pearl and diamond ornaments, looked exceedingly lovely, but wore a rather anxious expression.

Many Americans Presented.

The Princess of Wales, Princess Charles of Denmark, and Princess Henry of Battenberg were also in black, but Princess Ena looked very girlish and pretty in soft white.

The diplomatic and official circle was a small one, but the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Lamond, and Lady Selborne all looked well in black gown and diamond ornaments. Lady Newton wore a lovely mauve Paquin gown. Lady Stanhope's black dress had a green velvet train trimmed with Mechlin lace.

There were some interesting American presentations, among them Mrs. Adair, Mrs. Van Zandt—who, presented by Mrs. Choate, presented in turn a lovely daughter in white, and Mrs. Dudley Leigh, a lovely daughter in white, and Mrs. Dudley Leigh, and her magnificent all-round pearl-tipped diamond crown.

Several brides were presented, Lady Newport, who wore her wedding-gown; Mrs. Manningham-Buller, presented by Lady Chesham; Mrs. Ulrick Colborne, and Lady Susan Dawney.

Lady Airlie presented her debutante daughter, Lady Kitty Glyn.

A Picture of Loveliness.

The loveliest woman in the room was Miss Gwladys Wilson, who was chaperoned by Mrs. Charles Wilson, and wore an Empire frock of white and gold embroidered with green leaves and white flowers, with a train of white velvet.

Lady Meyrick's yellow gown was relieved by a bow bouquet of orchids and roses, and Lady Palmer also carried exquisite flowers.

The Court was not over till nearly midnight. Supper was not prolonged, the royal supper party being very small.

There were beautiful flowers in the supper-rooms, where the famous gold plate was displayed.

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE.

Old Maid Who Slept on an Ivy-mantled Bed
and Read the Bible.

For forty years Hannah Furness, who died this week, lived rent-free and alone in a dilapidated old stable high upon the Derbyshire hills, about three miles from Chapel-en-le-Frith.

She was disappointed in love in the 'sixties, and retired in her grief to this quaint, broken-down retreat, where, thrust by her crest through her window and turned itself round her bedstead.

Many hours she spent daily in reading a huge Bible, which she took every Sunday to a neighbouring church, where she held undisputed possession of the front pew.

Her quaint figure, attired in a queer dress, coming just below the knee, and stockings of all the colours of the rainbow, attained picture-postcard fame, and she lived mainly by the sale of eggs and the benevolence of the many tourists who visited her.

THIRSTY OFFICERS.

A Paris wine-merchant has this week received an order to dispatch 36,000 quarts of champagne and 10,000 quarts of cognac for the "Russian officers" in Manchuria.

Is this material for the celebration of peace—or further Russian defeats?

"JACQUES I's" WEDDING.

His Majesty Jacques I. of the Sahara, otherwise known as M. Jacques Lebandy, the sugar king, is coming to London on March 2 to be married.

The two youths Fresquita and Mand will be anchored in the Thames, and on March 4 the Eastern potentate will embark with his bride and start for his sandy dominions.

The Poet Laureate is said to be preparing an epithalamium in honour of the marriage.

LONDON IN BLACK.

Dense Fog Impedes Traffic and
Turns Day Into Night.

WEEK'S WEATHER CHANGE

During practically the whole of yesterday London was covered with a pall of concentrated smoke.

Scientists say that the smoke accumulated in a zone of absolute calm having a slight air current below and another above.

The effect was that, while there was very little fog on the ground level, artificial light was required nearly all day long, and at times the darkness of night was upon the whole of the great city.

There was not the nauseous, suffocating taste about the visitation that is the chief annoyance in November fogs, but depression and irritability afflicted most of the city's soilers, especially pickpockets, who were terribly handicapped by the sudden fluctuations of light.

At one moment it might have been midnight; the next the black sky had become a dingy brown and the top of the dome of St. Paul's was visible once more.

Flares in the Streets.

In Westminster "flares" were provided at street corners, and were very useful.

There was great delay in the suburban railway traffic in the morning, but later in the day matters improved.

In very few localities would the temperature rise above 40deg. last night, said the experts, and only very light variable breezes are expected to-day.

Yesterday morning the lowest temperatures recorded were:—

At Home.	Abroad.
Central Ireland	22 Lyons
Nairn	22 Munich
Cork	27 Paris
Liverpool	27 Glasgow
Oxford	34 Biarritz

The weather contrasts of the past week are most extraordinary. Here is a list of the prevalent characteristics of each day in London:—

Feb. 17.—Very mild; some showers.
Feb. 18.—Mild, but showery.
Feb. 19.—Bitterly cold.
Feb. 20.—Bright with intervals of rain and snow.
Feb. 21.—Cold, with occasional snow.
Feb. 22.—Sleet and rain at intervals.
Feb. 23.—Ditto.
Feb. 24.—Continuous fog.

Such weather as this bears none of the promise of spring one begins to look for in February. Doctors are busy day and night, and the sufferers from colds and influenza are legion.

THE KING AT FOOTBALL.

His Majesty to Attend Army and Navy Match
at Queen's Club To-day.

The King, who never forgets any section of his subjects, has promised to attend to-day the Association football match between the Army and the Navy at Queen's Club.

His Majesty, who is to be accompanied by the Prince of Wales, will probably drive down to the ground on his motor-car.

It is many years since the King was at a football match, but he is a patron of the Rugby Union and the Football Association.

Fond hopes are entertained that His Majesty will honour this year's English Cup-tie final with his presence.

Play to-day will commence at 3.15, and admission to the ground will be 1s.

"POEM IN PINK."

Sumptuous Dress for Peeress's Debut at a
Music Hall.

"It is the most beautiful dress ever made," said Lady Haldon to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

The comment concerned the costume her ladyship is to wear on Monday, when she makes her debut at the Tivoli in "The Sporting Duchess."

The "creation" took the artist who evolved it three weeks to complete. It is a poem in pink.

Pink silk is the foundation, which is covered with exquisite lace that foams out round the feet into a series of frills, forming the long filmy train. The gown is embroidered all over with a graceful design of pink roses and green leaves. In the heart of each rose is buried a diamond, which glitters and scintillates with each movement of the beautiful wearer.

RING ON A HARROW.

A curious find has been made by the village blacksmith at Aswarby, South Lincolnshire.

On one of the teeth of a harrow sent him for repairs was a 22-carat gold wedding-ring, which had been lost on the land on which the harrow had been used.

RESCUED FORTUNE.

£4,200 for Ancient Ewer Found Among
Old Crockery.

Whilst at the Marquis of Anglesey's seat, Beaudesert, a representative of Messrs. Christie discovered amongst a collection of worthless crockery a small crystal ewer mounted with silver, which he immediately valued at £2,000 to £3,000.

Had it not been for this expert the ewer would probably have been thrown into one lot with a number of worthless objects at the country sale, where it might have realised a few shillings.

At Christie's rooms yesterday the ewer was purchased by Messrs. Duveen for 4,000 guineas.

Bidding started at 60 guineas, and soon was rising rapidly by £50 increases.

"One thousand guineas!" cried the auctioneer. Many dropped out, and then a battle royal commenced.

Rises of 200 guineas, 400 guineas, and 500 guineas were bid, but every offer was capped by Mr. Duveen, until, at 4,000 guineas, he was left master of the field.

Loud applause brought to a close one of the most exciting incidents that has ever occurred at these famous rooms.

At the same sale a pair of miniatures, by J. Hoskins, realised £777, and a group of military decorations, presented to Count Charles Alten, went for £880.

The day's sale produced £11,444.

NEWSPAPER MARVEL.

Praise of the "Daily Mirror" by a Critical
Expert.

"I think the *Daily Mirror* is absolutely wonderful," said Mr. Charles Baker, editor of the "Newspaper Owner," last evening in the course of an illustrated lecture on "How a Great Daily Newspaper is Produced."

After a swift but lucid survey of the whole field of newspaper-work, news gathering, printing, and distribution, the lecturer had turned his attention to the *Mirror*, specially noticing the increasing perfection of its illustrations, produced under ordinary conditions on practically ordinary newspaper machines.

This new venture of Sir Alfred Harmsworth's had been made a great success by the way it specially provided for the needs of the great new public brought into being by the first Education Act. The facilities afforded by the vast network of correspondents and agents at its disposal enabled it to give to its public the latest news in a way no other newspaper could possibly approach, with any hope of financial success.

Holding up a copy of yesterday's issue, Mr. Baker exclaimed that he considered it a veritable triumph in picture production.

Sir Joseph Lawrence, M.P., presided.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY."

True of Commerce, but Not of Science
and Literature.

The dictum of Dr. William Osler, of Baltimore University, U.S.A., that great things have rarely been accomplished by men over forty, was the subject of a variety of comments in London yesterday.

Members of Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange supported Dr. Osler so far as commercial circles are concerned.

"Before forty or never a man must make his mark" was the substance of their collective views. The Bar was in perfect accord with the City; but forty was regarded as a very tender age in scientific and literary circles.

A leading light at University College contented himself by mentioning the names of Darwin and Huxley, while a professor of literature in another college cited the cases of Scott, who wrote all his novels between the ages of forty-three and sixty-two, and Milton, who wrote "Paradise Lost" in his fifties.

GRAIN-LADEN MOTOR-CAR.

A huge motor-car will next month start from London on a tour through England and Wales.

It is to be laden with Canadian grain, fruit and other produce of the Dominion, and the idea is to reach those rural districts not touched by rail.

The system will be developed if this experiment is successful.

PARIS IN POPLAR.

After some opposition from "anti-Continentalists," the Poplar Borough Council have decided to keep open the recreation-ground in East India Dock-road until 10 p.m., from May to September.

The gardens will be illuminated and there will be a band.

Mme. Rejane was sued in the Westminster County Court yesterday by a firm of theatrical printers for £37 for work done for the actress at the Prince of Wales's Theatre last July.

Prepossessing Electrician Alleged to Have Married Five Wives.

One lawful and four unlawful marriages with ladies living in Bath, Liverpool, and London are alleged against Frederick Woolfries, an electrical engineer, thirty-five years of age, and of prepossessing appearance. He is also known as Russell and Woodward, and his trial, which is stated to reveal adventures rivaling those of Johann Hoch, started yesterday at Belfast.

"It is just possible," said Mr. Carr, the Crown solicitor, "that a more serious charge—a more terrible charge—will be brought against the prisoner. Owing, however, to the absence of a detective in England I cannot at present say anything further on the subject."

The first marriage was that with Miss Ethel Mary Bolster, at Bath, in August, 1901. Then in 1902, continued Mr. Carr, Woolfries went through a form of marriage at Belfast with a Miss Annie Gamble. In 1904, in Monaghan, Ireland, he was convicted of a false declaration regarding an intended marriage with another young woman.

Two former marriages are alleged to have taken place in Liverpool in 1898, and two others in London. A detective is in England serving summonses on necessary witnesses.

When Woolfries was arrested at Birkenhead last Friday he said: "I have no questions to ask, and I had better say nothing."

In the possession of the police is a wedding-card which was issued after the marriage with Miss Bolster, in Watcot Church, Bath.

During the hearing of the case a remarkably pretty young lady sat in court, and when Woolfries was remanded for a week, she burst into a torrent of tears.

CHAIR OF GOLD.

Solicitor's Miserly Widow Dies Wretchedly Amid Wealth.

With £850 to her credit in two banks, and a quantity of gold concealed in the dirty deckchair on which she lay, an old lady died, as she had lived, in a Lupus-street room, amid surroundings that betokened the depths of squalid poverty.

Her name was given at the inquest yesterday as Helen Ewen, widow of a solicitor and late lieutenant-colonel in the London Rifle Brigade.

For over eighteen months no one had been allowed in the old lady's rooms. She seldom cleaned them or washed herself. She often borrowed small sums from her landlady, who thought her poor, and did her cooking and shopping. But the landlady was worried when she did not see her for two days; so she had the door forced open, and there the old lady lay quite dead.

In addition to the gold in the chair and the evidence of the money at the bank, £12 in a bag was discovered by the undertaker.

The jury found that death was due to general bloodlessness and senile decay.

MYSTERY OF "MISS SMITH."

Lady Said To Be of Social Standing Found in the Thames.

Considerable mystery surrounds "Miss Smith," a young patient who has been missing from Albemarle House, Richmond Bridge, since February 14, and whose dead body was found in the Thames near the railway bridge.

The young lady, who is said to be a member of a family of high social standing, was received as a hysteria patient at Albemarle House under the care of Mr. Thomas Chant, the well-known doctor and husband of Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

She suddenly disappeared, and great excitement was caused at Richmond.

On Tuesday a boatman saw her standing on the river bank muttering to herself. A day or two afterwards she was discovered drowned.

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

12/6

3/9

WORTH 10/6. Only a few left.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

THE WHOLESALE JEWELLERY CO.,
113, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

"Out for a Holiday, So He Did Not Have His Crown On," Writes a Tiny Girl.

AMUSING ESSAYS BY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

When the King passed through Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, recently, on his return from Mentmore, where he had been visiting Lord Rosebery, the children of the council school of the parish were given a half-holiday to see him pass along the high road in his motor-car.

The day after the composition exercise for the upper standards was entitled, "Seeing the King," and the papers produced by the scholars, duly illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches, some of which we reproduce, contain much that is interesting and amusing. Three of them, written by Hilda Pratt, aged twelve; Minnie Rollings, aged twelve; and Frank Paddock, aged ten, were sent by the schoolmaster to Buckingham Palace for his Majesty's inspection, and yesterday word was received that the King desired to retain the essays, and asked that the scholars should be informed of his pleasure with their efforts to describe his motor-car journey through the parish of Eaton Bray.

From eight of the papers written by the scholars, shown yesterday to the representative of the *Daily Mirror*, we make the following extracts:—

Ida Fountain, aged eleven, writes:—"I went to see the King on Wednesday afternoon, and he look very nice in his motor."

"The King was out for a holiday, so he did not have his crown on."

"Anyone would not think he ruled over England because he was dressed like an ordinary man."

Lily Allen is also surprised that he did not wear his crown, but is obviously much delighted with his Majesty. She writes:—"On Wednesday we went up to the Plough, and there we saw the King."

"He had no crown on; he was dressed like an ordinary man, but he knew his manners, for as soon as he saw us he waved his hat, and we waved ours."

"He was in a motor-car, and he looked very happy."

Walter Gardner is not quite so captivated by the sign of royalty. He writes:—"We thought he was coming past at two o'clock, but he did not come till half-past three. When he came all the people were glad to see him."

"The King was in a fine motor-car. When he came he was quick out of sight."

William Clark, aged nine, has views upon the duties of the King, which he expresses without fear. "He was dressed," he explains, "like any other

gentleman, because he went out for a holiday, and," he adds, "we had to wait a long time before we saw him."

Then he writes, in a bold, round hand: "I wish I were the King. I would give the school children and the master a treat."

Fred Rollings, aged twelve, has also sentiments concerning the King's duties. He is in favour of treats to the school-children; he, himself, if he were King, would give a treat at once to the school-children, and he adds: "There were quite a lot of school-children there besides me."

He saw the King, took off his cap when the King took off his, and he sums up his impressions in this line: "The King looked like an honest man."

Willie Fountain, aged thirteen, enters into details of the royal passage which are not common to the other essays. His effort is as follows:—"On Wednesday our King came home from his visit at Mentmore. Knowing he was going past the Plough Inn people went to see him. When he got to the Plough Inn we waved our hats at him and he waved his at us."

"We saw the King's bald head. We could not see it very well because he was in a motor-car which was shut in and it had glass windows and it had no number on because he does not pay taxes."

"The King and some more men were in the first motor-car. The King was dressed like a common man."

Horace Howlett, aged 12, is more than the others imbued with the spirit of loyalty. He writes:—"We were all allowed

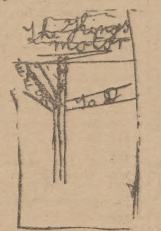
to go and see our mighty King. There were two motors and the King was in the first one. He past the Plough at half-past three o'clock. He was dressed like an ordinary gentleman."

"He pulled off his hat and was pleased when he saw us and I shouted 'God save the King.'"

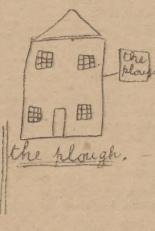
Freddie Weedon, aged ten, was chiefly impressed by seeing the King in ordinary clothes, but a ready explanation occurs to him. "He had got his ordinary clothes because he was out visiting."

Harry Snoxell, aged eleven, had the pleasure of seeing his King disturbed by the fear that the King would not pass within the time he was allowed by his master out of school. He pathetically remarks that he "was a little way off when the King went by the Plough." He is thus compelled to confine his remarks like a careful historian to "the crowds of people up against the Plough waiting for the King to pass." These he mentions with a note of envy that he was not equally fortunate in seeing the King.

A side view of the Plough Inn, drawn by Walter Gardner.



Ida Fountain sketched the sign post indicating the royal route.



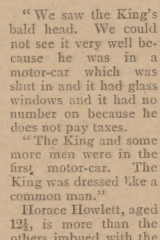
The Plough Inn, as seen by 10-year-old Freddie Weedon.



The King in his motor-car, drawn by Fred Rollings, aged 12.



Lily Allen's diagram of the royal route.



Little 9-year-old Willie Clark's idea of the King's motorcar.

Young Wife Declares Her Father-in-Law Impersonated Her Husband in Court.

One of the most remarkable stories ever told in a police court was narrated at Manchester yesterday.

A young married woman living in the neighbourhood of Oldham-road, stated that for some time her husband had been out in Brazil, and she had not seen him for several years.

She was recently surprised to see reported the details of a divorce, apparently obtained against her before Mr. Justice Barnes, by a person who, she alleged, was her husband's father.

Some time ago she received a communication from the Divorce Court, but took no action in the matter, as she had not the money for the journey to London.

Her husband's father wrote stating that she had been divorced, and that an order had been obtained granting the custody of her children to the petitioner.

On Thursday she sent the children to school at noon, and their father-in-law, she declared, took them away from the school in a cab.

The stipendiary ordered a police officer to request the person who had taken the children away to attend at the court with them on Monday next.

POLICE "MUTINY."

Suicide of a Constable Found Asleep While on Duty.

As the tragedy was alleged to have been the outcome of excessive punishment and to have led to the police "mutiny" at Brixton, great interest was taken yesterday in the inquiry into the death of P.C. Creagh, who was found killed on the railway at Tooting on Tuesday.

The widow said, so far as she knew, her husband had not been in trouble for two years. He then had his pay reduced for drunkenness.

Sub-divisional-inspector King stated that Creagh was a defaulter before the chief constable on Monday.

He admitted that certain men refused to go out duty on Monday under a certain sergeant.

On Sunday P.S. Alkar found Creagh asleep in a waiting-room and told the constable that he would have to be reported. This officer said he had never had any differences with Creagh.

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity, was returned.

MAJOR'S WIFE AND COUSIN.

Wife Could Not Endure a Life of "Utter Irreconcilable Hostility."

Having a wife who went away and wrote letters postmarked from various places, but would not give her addresses, Major A. J. Galsworthy complained to her.

When he went to South Africa in 1902 with his regiment he arranged to allow her £200 a year, but as a condition she had, when away from home, to leave her address with her brother or her mother. Otherwise the allowance was stopped, and the house shut up. Mrs. Galsworthy, however, had a private income of £500 a year.

The major left in March, and in June Mrs. Galsworthy wrote to her father-in-law, telling him she had resolved to leave her husband's home. She could no longer endure "the life of utter, irreconcilable hostility."

When the major returned his wife stayed away. And yesterday Sir J. Gorell Barnes granted him a decree nisi on the ground of his misconduct with his cousin, John Galsworthy. There was no defence.

TOWN CLERK'S CHARGE.

The ex-Town Clerk of Holborn, Henry Corbett Jones, was again remanded at Bow-street yesterday charged with misappropriating £12,000 belonging to the borough.

After investigation by the Holborn Borough Council into matters connected with the staff, Mr. George Wallace, the borough surveyor, has been suspended.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the gum, always kills pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

DEBENTURE HOLDERS RIGHTS.

Mr. Justice Buckley and an Important Point in Company Law.

Most important to all who have dealings with limited companies was the point raised yesterday by Mr. Justice Buckley during the hearing of a case in which it is sought to have a receiver appointed on behalf of debenture-holders.

The ground was that the debenture security was in danger owing to the threats of unsecured trade creditors to enforce judgments they had obtained by execution against the trading assets of the company. These applications came before him with startling frequency, said his Lordship, and were often made in cases where the business was carried on to all intents and purposes for the benefit of debenture-holders.

Mr. Justice Buckley promised judgment at an early date, so that the matter might be fully considered, if necessary, by the Court of Appeal.

TAXES ON BACHELORS.

Will Mr. Austen Chamberlain Revive the Imposts of the 17th Century?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is now hard at work preparing his Budget statement.

One of the unrepaid fields of taxation no modern Chancellor has had the moral courage to enter is bachelorhood.

"Temple Bar" recalls the payments bachelors had to make for the privilege of single blessedness from 1695 to 1706.

This is a selection from the list:—

	Himself.	Eld. Son.
Duke or Archbishop	12 11 0	7 11 0
Marquis	10 1 0	6 0 0
Baron	3 15 0	3 0 0
Knight	2 11 0	1 0 0
Esquire	1 6 0	6 0 0
Gentleman	1 0 0	6 0 0
Persons of £50 per annum	6 0 0	3 6 0
£500 personal estate	1 0 0	1 0 0
Other persons	1 0 0	1 0 0

ON BEING A GENTLEMAN.

Plain Talk from an Indignant Brother-in-Law to Husband.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

A remarkable letter, written by a brother to the man who, he believed, was ill-treating his sister, was read in the Divorce Court yesterday.

The case in which Mr. Jeffs, the Moxborough insurance superintendent, is charging his wife with having compromised herself with a Primitive Methodist minister, had reached the stage when evidence was given in support of a counter-charge of cruelty that Mrs. Jeffs is bringing.

One of the witnesses to speak about this alleged cruelty was Mr. William Brook, who is the brother of Mrs. Jeffs.

This young man wrote as follows to Mr. Jeffs:—
Sir—Just a few remarks about gentlemen and things—rather more the latter. In the first place gentlemen, or acting as gentlemen, consists in being awfully attentive to other women—that is, when your wife is absent. Of course, I think it is only right and proper, and it would certainly not be acting gay, if you did not run about after the lady to see that she got on the way home. If you have discharged the laws of good breeding by looking after casual acquaintance you go home, and, because your wife does not feel inclined to smile on your attention to others you show your claim to manliness and being a gentleman by various threats and putting your fist in her face, etc.

Even after a night's sleep, when most people's tempers are cooled down, you, being a gent, begin the day by knocking your wife down and kicking her, you cowardly cur.

Perhaps I don't interpret correctly the meaning of "gentleman." My sister never met one until she ran across you.

I remember a little affair in which I was an important actor, and then heard a certain gent promise "to love and to cherish, etc.," whereas in less than two short years he promises to hit "his duck's" head and break her back.

And he carries out some of his promises, not those he made in church though.

Do you remember when you came to see me and told me that you had fallen in love with "my dear sister," and a lot of clap-trap? That if you were not a model husband to her, I was to tell you of it?

Well, I wish to tell you I cannot find an expression to fit such a contemptible sham.—Yours,
WILLIAM BROOK.

The case was adjourned.

SOCIALIST PEERESS.

Countess Warwick To Tour as a Motor-car Political Pilgrim.

The Countess of Warwick's socialistic motor-car tour through the constituencies, in view of the general election, is entirely her own idea.

Not one of the Socialist or Labour Parties know anything about the matter officially.

The tour is not solely on behalf of candidates put forward by the Social Democratic Federation, of which Lady Warwick recently became a member. Indeed, Lady Warwick will speak on behalf of many Labour candidates who are not regarded with friendly eyes by the Social Democratic Federation.

Opinions as to Lady Warwick's "socialism" vary. In certain socialistic circles there is a tendency to regard it with suspicion, and some of the more thorough-going Socialists declare that "the cause" suffers when it is supported by "the classes."

But all are agreed that Lady Warwick will infuse into her latest project all the energy and magnetism for which she is noted.

LONDON'S PARLIAMENT.

L.C.C.'s Move from Spring Gardens to the South Side of the River.

There is much public curiosity respecting the report of the special committee of the London County Council on the proposed removal of head-quarters from Spring Gardens to Westminster Bridge-road.

Mr. Lawrence Gomme, clerk to the Council, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that the special report had not been handed in and it was not certain that the matter would come up for discussion at next Tuesday's meeting.

The proposed new site extends from Belvedere-road to Westminster Bridge-road, so that the Council's new home would almost face the Houses of Parliament, across the river. The rental of the Spring Gardens site is £34,000.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

At Fawston-in-Wharfedale a pair of thrushes have completed their nest among the laurels in a garden.

Contracts for 80,000 tons of coal at the price of 19s., from the Italian Government, have been secured by a Cardiff company.

Selby ratepayers have been saved a call of one penny in the pound by the adoption of incandescent lights in the streets of the town.

Otters are very numerous in Cod Beck, Thirsk, Yorkshire, and are working great havoc among the trout, for which the stream is famed.

In his nineteenth year, Mr. William Michael Tufnell, D.L., the oldest Essex magistrate, died yesterday at his residence near Chelmsford.

Both lines were blocked by the derailling of a train on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway between Liverpool and Southport yesterday.

Great speculation exists as to what the Admiralty will do with the sixty-odd vessels cast off of the war fleet. These "cast-offs" cost £17,250,000.

Automatic machines supplying cigarettes are vigorously condemned by a Lancaster magistrate, who says they put temptation in the way of boys.

After burning merrily for some time, despite the attentions of the firemen, a large motor-car exploded with a terrific report in East India Dock-road yesterday.

Wakefield Cathedral extensions, which are being carried out at a cost of £240,000, as a memorial to the late Dr. Walsham How, first Bishop of the Diocese, are nearly completed.

Death was due to the action of the anæsthetic on the heart, said a doctor at an inquest on a young woman at Southwark yesterday, but that was the first fatal case in 230 operations.

"The smaller sport must give way to the larger," says a communication which gives notice that the Coombe Warren Cricket Club's ground is required for golf links, at Kingston Hill.

In a Preston street Peter Campbell, foreman fitter at Vickers, Son, and Maxims' works at Barrow-in-Furness, died suddenly after attending a football match and dining heartily.

The organ of St. Andrew's, Holborn, shortly to be reopened after reconstruction, still possesses some of the original work of Renatus Harris, who built it for the Temple Church in 1688.

One halfpenny per square yard tax imposed on all advertisements displayed on hoardings would, suggests a London clergyman, produce the sum of two millions sterling for the Exchequer.

One of the few remaining survivors of Balclava, Mr. Richard Hall Williams, the postmaster of Worsley, Lancashire, although eighty-five years of age, still has the erect carriage of a soldier.

Traced by a labour bureau ticket found in the pocket of his coat, which he left in the hands of his would-be captor, a Manchester burglar has just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

"A change coming over the beer trade is," says a prominent brewery shareholder, "that the working classes, instead of spending money on beer, are going to football matches and hippodromes."

Fifty-six years' faithful service is the record of Miss Finlay, headmistress of the Old Hafod School, Swansea, who is about to retire. During the period mentioned 19,590 children passed through the school.

Big bequests to charitable institutions have their drawbacks. People are now writing to the Leeds Infirmary intimating that, in consequence of the Weatherill legacy, they are ceasing their subscriptions.

Burglars coolly helped themselves to new suits of clothes and left their old ones in a large trading establishment which they entered at Belfast. They afterwards decamped with all the spare cash they could find.

Fagin-like habits are possessed by a little boy who has now been sent from Derby to an industrial school. He was accused of theft, and his mother said he taught other children, including his own sisters, how to steal.

By the capsizing of a small boat Chief Petty Officer Loram was drowned whilst returning to H.M.S. Britannia, off Dartmouth. Two other men who were with him clung to a hawser and were rescued by a destroyer's boat.

Cardiff Corporation has offered a site worth £20,000 for the erection of a national museum for Wales. The Council has also voted £2,000 a year towards the expenses of a library.

Cigarette-smoking, to which he had been addicted for a long time, accelerated the death of a Hull boy, aged fourteen. He fell in a fit whilst talking to another boy in the street, and died before he could be got to the infirmary.

A piece of the skin of a Danish pirate, taken from the Norman church at Hadstock, near Saffron Walden, is among the curios shortly to be offered for sale in a London auction-room. Papers testifying to the genuineness of the curio accompany it.

Prince Albert Gisha, the leader of Albanian independence, will marry Miss Margaret J. Dowling, of Kensington, on Monday next.

Mrs. George Coles, Abercynon, South Wales, has given birth to triplets—girls. Mother and babes are doing well.

Plans have been approved by the Llanelly Health Committee for a chapel to be erected in the back garden of a revivalist's residence.

King Edward is said to have presented the head of his famous racehorse, Ambush II., to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

President Harper, of Chicago University, cannot, it is feared, live more than six months, an operation for cancer having been only partially successful.

"Mam, mam, don't go to sleep," called out two little children as they danced round the body of their mother, who had died suddenly at Aberavon.

Doyen of railway managers, Mr. Cornelius Lundy, of the Rhymney Railway Company, has just retired at Cardiff at the advanced age of ninety.

Around the old pit head of Tarrow Colliery, which was closed fifty years ago, the ground over an area of forty square feet has sunk suddenly to a considerable depth.

Dr. Waldo, at a Southwark inquest yesterday, said if London only had an efficient horse-ambulance service, like the United States, many lives would probably be saved yearly.

Moles are extremely busy just now in some parts of the Washburn Valley. An experienced mole catcher is to be engaged by the Leeds Corporation to rid the farmers of this troublesome pest.

Covent Garden dealers complain that English apple growers cultivate too many varieties, and consequently can only supply popular kinds by the bushel when they are wanted by the ton.

It is stated that the Earl of Granard has joined the Liberal Party. He has been nominated for the National Liberal Club by Earl Carrington, the president, and seconded by Lord Tweedmouth.

A kind of hospital for fish has been established in Vienna, and there are now among the inmates a dolphin with inflammation of the lungs and other fish with smallpox and intestinal catarrh.

Wherever women are capable of doing work at present done by men their cheaper labour will be utilised by the employer to lower wages, says Miss Macarthur, secretary of the Women's Trade Union League.

The next occupation for the fair sex will be—teaching motoring. "With good nerves," says Mrs. H. Norman, M.P., "any clever young woman ought to be able to teach simple car-driving in six months."

As a result of the Beck case, it is said that no new Court of Appeal is to be established, but a measure has been framed by the Lord Chancellor which will give added powers to the Court for Crown Cases Reserved.

Mr. Frederick Clifford, K.C., who died last December, left estate worth £191,373. Mr. Clifford was joint proprietor with the late Sir W. C. Leng, of the "Sheffield Daily Telegraph," and one of the founders of the Press Association.

Sued by a former employer at St. Colomb for a month's wages in lieu of notice, a farm labourer admitted that he left because he was treated too well. "He made me drunk on Christmas Eve, and I would not go back." Half the claim was allowed.

Pinned down by an overturned cart in the dark, and unable to move, a Furneaux Pelham (Herts) landlord and his wife were imprisoned two hours on a lonely road before they were discovered. They continued their journey home without further adventure.

Medical men are sometimes inclined to avoid stating in language of blunt truth the precise cause of death. It is worth considering, says the "Law Times" whether they should not be prohibited under severe penalties from handing the certificate to anyone but the registrar.

Many women who travel about the country hawking various articles are confirmed smokers. One of these women died at Preston, and from her corpse, which was lying in a yard, a man named Tomlinson stole her pipe and ninepence in money. For this ghoulish deed he was sent to gaol for two months.

Cakes and ale have been distributed, according to the Turton Bequest, to Penistone (Yorkshire) children on Holy Thursday for over 200 years, and a quarter of rye on Good Friday to poor people of the district. The two charities are now to be combined, and the money spent in flour for the needy.

Said to possess wonderful properties of durability, lightness, and cheapness is a new motive power reported to have been discovered. It is described as a combination of chemistry, mathematics, and mechanics. A motor on the new principle is now being constructed for practical testing purposes.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal

Photographs In To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

PURE WATER FOR LINCOLN.

The photograph on page 8 shows some of the inhabitants of Lincoln at the Midland Railway station obtaining the pure water which Alderman Smith, of Newark, sixteen miles away, is supplying at the rate of 10,000 gallons daily.

Alderman Smith is generously defraying all the expenses connected with the supply of the water from Newark, and the railway company are carrying it without charge in order that the poorer inhabitants of the fever-ravaged town may be able to secure pure drinking water free of all cost.

As will be noticed in our picture, taps are fixed to the tenders, in which the water is carried, and from these the people draw the water at the station, carrying it to their homes in an amusing variety of receptacles.

The Corporation of Lincoln is now chemically treating the water supply in order to remove the slightest cause of danger from its use; but the fearful epidemic of typhoid, which has claimed so many victims in Lincoln during the past week or two, has absolutely destroyed the confidence of the inhabitants in the ability of the local authorities to safeguard the public health, and the water from Newark is in great demand.

The photograph we reproduce is probably unique, for strict orders were given that no pictures of the scene were to be taken immediately after it was secured, and policemen are now in attendance to enforce the regulation.

ANOTHER ASSASSINATION.

Prince Andronnikoff, whose portrait will be found on page 8, is the latest victim of the people's vengeance in Russia.

The Prince was largely responsible for the repressive measures adopted at Warsaw, and was believed to have actually given the first order to the troops to fire upon the crowd.

This entirely unnecessary brutality, with the wanton killing of women and young children which followed it—in one case, as will be remembered, a number of schoolboys were shot down merely for mischievously tampering with shop signs—inflamed the popular hatred of Prince Andronnikoff to a degree which made an attempt upon his life almost inevitable, and it is not surprising to hear that he has been found stabbed to death.

ARMoured MOTOR-CAR.

That the motor-car is destined to play a great part in the fighting of the future one does not need to be a prophet to realise.

One direction in which they will one day, without doubt, be of the greatest value is shown in our photograph, on page 9, of an Ivel motor-car in military trim. Our picture shows the car with the back thrown open so that the gun mounted upon it may be seen. As will be observed, the armour-plating protects the wheels as well as the body of the car, while the gun itself, with gunners manning it, would be completely under cover when in action.

The Ivel motor-car was originally designed as a motor for agricultural purposes—for use in ploughing, and so on—and has proved very successful in working over rough ground, a quality very valuable, of course, from a military point of view.

The car is to go to Chatham to be subjected to an exhaustive series of tests on behalf of the War Office.

RESULT OF THE RUSSIAN STRIKES.

One result of the strikes in St. Petersburg is shown in the photograph on page 9 of a warship waiting for completion at the dockyards on the Neva.

The workmen in the Admiralty yards have been out on strike, with the exception of a short time when work was resumed, for many weeks, and operations in the imperial dockyards have been at a complete standstill.

Such a state of things would have been disastrous at any time, but at the present, when Russia has practically to supply herself with a new navy to take the place of that destroyed by the Japanese in the Far East, it is nothing short of calamitous.

What the upshot of the present situation will be it is impossible to say; the strikers have sworn not to give in, and the Government and other employers are equally determined not to yield.

STRAND IMPROVEMENTS.

Some progress is being made with the Strand to Holborn improvements as the picture on page 8 will show.

Judging by the buildings already erected, or in course of construction, the new streets when completed will be a real credit to London, and will justify the extreme carefulness shown by the London County Council in the regulations they have drawn up concerning the buildings to be erected. The only thing to be regretted is that at the present rate of construction it will be many years before Aldwych, Kingsway, and the surrounding streets finally emerge from the builders' hands.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
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Destroys Worms, prevents Colic, Diarrhoea, and Cough.
Marvellous for making Hens lay. Grand Pig Food.
All Corn-dealers, or
THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD., 36, Mark-lane, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1905

THE MERRY, MERRY SPRING.

ANY poet offering "spring poems" for sale in newspaper offices just now runs a very serious risk. An editor who has dressed in the shivering morn by artificial light, breakfasted with the blinds down, and then groped his way to the office through an atmosphere which is an offensive and over-drawn parody of that of the worst parts of the Underground Railway, is in no mood for verses which

Merrily, merrily sing
Of the joys and the sunshine of spring.
In fact, it would be short odds on the poet getting away without personal injury. Really, during these past few days the weather has surpassed itself. Bitter winds; heavy, lowering skies; a continuous sprinkle of such "accursed, cold, and grievous rain" as Dante reserved for the worst class of sinners in the Inferno; hail, snow, sleet; and, to cap all, the dense gloom which hung over London yesterday—these have been the features of the week which is now happily drawing to its close.

A foreigner, anxious to make the best of our climate, once said it had two great advantages. It provided a never-failing topic of conversation, and it gave Englishwomen the best complexions in the world. If this week's weather has done anyone's complexion good, we envy them. Chapped cheeks and red noses seem to us to be universal—and no wonder.

No one can feel really well or happy under these conditions. Yet how wonderfully we bear up! The Frenchman's gaiety is proverbial, but two days of such a spring as this would make Paris contemplate suicide *en masse*. Everybody speaks of the Italian's sunny temperament. Without the Italian sun he would become as peevish and cantankerous as a teething baby.

No nation but this could keep up its spirits at all in a climate like ours. There is no doubt about it; we English are the most cheerful people in the world.

HARD ON THE HUMORIST.

One by one the old, familiar, time-honoured jokes are falling out-of-date. Let us still sharpen our wits while we can upon the Railway Station Bun and Sandwich, for in a little while we shall know them no more.

One line, the Chafham, has at last awakened to the fact that of all eating-places in the world the railway refreshment room has long held the record for dreariness and dearth alike. Probably some director has been trying to derive nourishment from the contents of those curious, museum-like glass cases which stand along the counter—with disastrous results.

At all events, a change is to be made. A famous firm of enterprising caterers has been called in, and given a free hand. Before long the other lines will be forced to follow suit. Appetising food at reasonable prices will be the order of the day.

It will be said to have so prolific a source of humour as station refreshments dried up. The comic papers will receive a staggering blow. But to be able to get through a journey without being brought to the verge of starvation will surely be compensation enough for most of us—even to the humorists themselves.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little, and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Stevenson.

PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK, who celebrates her twenty-second birthday to-day, the first since her marriage, is rather like the Queen of Holland in appearance, and has the same quiet dignity about her. She was brought up very carefully by her mother, the Duchess of Albany, at Claremont, and the pleasant monotony of her life there taught her to despise the senseless and unnecessary rush of modern life. Once the tranquillity of Claremont was broken, however, by burglars. They paid the house a visit one night about Christmas-time and climbed up to the window of the night nursery where the young Princess was asleep. Luckily they heard a noise which frightened them away, but always after that the little Princess slept downstairs in her mother's room.

Prince Alexander, who made such a fine appearance at the wedding last year, is a remarkably

hand for the regeneration of an important section of society. Now, in a 40-h.p. motor, painted a Socialist red inside and out, she is to make a tour to aid the cause of Labour at the coming election. The gift of paradox, as well as the "fatal" gift of beauty, and the gifts of talent and energy, has certainly been granted to Lady Warwick, who is a Socialist in a very expensive motor-car and, as she says herself, "a splendid pauper" on many thousands a year, and with Warwick Castle and 23,000 acres in her own right to make her pauperism pleasant.

She has really done an amazing amount of work for the poor. Poor girls she has taught farming and dressmaking and art needlework. For the sale of their work she rented a Bond-street shop, and conducted it personally, with her name written for all to see above the doorway. She has long been a champion of trades unions and the working man; and once she denounced Mr. Chamberlain for

were the happy hunting-grounds for chills and influenza. But the function itself was a fairly brilliant one. Among the debutantes was Lady Newport, the daughter of Lord Aberdare. She was married only last July, and is a pretty, rather fragile-looking woman. Her husband is a very smartly-dressed man, much liked by his men friends as a raconteur, by ladies as an amiable and good-looking flatterer.

In general society Lord Newport is shy, or perhaps pretends to be so. But with one or two whom he knows fairly well he is really very amusing. He served with the Royal Scots in the South African war, and his friends in the regiment used to chaff him mercilessly about the havoc which, according to them, he wrought amongst the far from agreeable Boer ladies. Whenever a vrow wanted to pass through the camp she made her application to the captain—Lord Newport—in preference to the iron-hearted major.

The career of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, who celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday yesterday, is worth recalling, for the encouragement of the obscure and the ambitious, on every one of these anniversaries. He won his first position on "Tit-Bits" by winning a competition! Sir George Nevnes had offered anyone who should send in correct answers to a list of questions published in his enthusiastic paper a position on its staff and a salary, to begin with, of £100 a year. It was Mr. Pearson who answered the questions most correctly and won the position in consequence.

Then he thought of founding his own "Weekly," and did so on a borrowed capital of £2,500. It was a success at once, only a success full of anxiety, for it absorbed the borrowed money and required a very little more to keep it going. That little more Mr. Pearson, after a miserable moment of diffidence, determined to borrow of Sir William Ingram. Sir William smiled kindly upon him, lent him the money, and has now, as a compensation for his foresight, made nearly a quarter of a million out of the money advanced.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Henry Irving.

THE moment for him is not precisely a propitious one. Struck down by illness, he has had to give up his final triumphant tour, which has been also, for him, something like a last survey of the theatres and towns in which he first fought for success.

In each of the towns, where he now dines with mayors and town councils and makes speeches—the graceful speeches of reminiscence which he knows so well how to make—he has wandered, long ago, in needy days of hardship, when banquets were for others, and the opulent went on their way indifferent to him.

At Sunderland, for instance, he told of his first appearance there in 1856. He had to speak the opening words of a play, and his voice trembled so that they could scarcely be heard. Next day he was warned by a gentle critic that he had mistaken his vocation.

SAD NOTE IN HIS STORY.

Even much later, when he had got his foot on the ladder of success, he had to fight hard against the prejudice his mannerisms aroused. He was thin, refined in feature, almost cadaverously pale. The something Satanic in his delivery, the slightly halting walk, the long arms sawing the air before him—these eccentricities, now recognised as a part of his genius, were then unmercifully glibed at.

It is only his long period of triumph—his famous management of the Lyceum, his enormous success in America—that has succeeded in effacing the bitterness of his earlier struggle. And even now there is something sad in his story.

He has had to leave the theatre he made famous amongst the theatres of the world. He has to be forever touring, forever at work—he who has spent fortunes in charity and almost ruined himself for his art.

One thing, therefore, bearing in mind that long and disinterested in his last effort in London ought to make certain for him. We ought to secure that, when he comes here in April, he shall be welcomed as the first of English actors ought to be.

Even now it must be some consolation to him to know that on his bed of sickness he has sincere and universal sympathy.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 24.—Over beds planted with spring-flowering subjects a haze of green is rapidly spreading. This is especially the case under trees and in informal borders where large masses of early blooming plants are growing. Primroses are coming out every day. Deep in their hearts hundreds of buds are waiting for the warmer weather.

Daffodils and tulips are nearly all up now. Many trees and shrubs are covered with buds. We shall not have to wait long before the lovely almond tree is in bloom. In the south it is already flowering.

Several roses are making rapid growth, but pruning must not be attempted till the end of March.

E. F. T.

WHO SAYS I'M TOO OLD AT FORTY?



An American professor has been declaring that men over forty are comparatively useless, and that when they are past sixty they are no use at all.

good-looking man, though he has a slight frown, as his uncle, the late Duke of Cambridge, had. This perhaps gives him a rather stern and forbidding expression, which answers, however, to nothing in his temperament, for he is the most cheerful and pleasant of men to talk to. The Tecks are a very handsome family. The Prince's father was, indeed, a little vain of his good looks, and was said, in his good-humoured way, to be jealous of other handsome members of the Royal Family.

Once at a Court ball, in the days when Queen Victoria still permitted herself such gaieties, the Duke of Teck turned to Mme. Waddington, the wife of the French Ambassador at the time, and said: "Do you really think Battenberg so very handsome? It's a pity you didn't see me when I was his age; I was much handsomer." And he tapped the Austrian Ambassador, who was standing by, on the shoulder and added, "Wasn't I?" Of course, the discreet diplomatist hastened to assure him that he was.

The Countess of Warwick is really a marvellous person. She has always some immense project on

certain unsympathetic words of his about the Labour movement. With it all she keeps her place in the first rank of beauties. I saw her at the theatre the other night, and thought how extraordinarily well she looked, with a necklace of dark stones woven into her hair. Her hands, by the way, covered with rings, were like the hands of Sarah Bernhardt playing an Eastern Princess.

Mr. W. L. Courtney's curious attempt in the "Daily Telegraph" to throw doubt upon the genuineness of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" was followed yesterday by a "climb-down." Mr. Robert Ross, the editor of the volume, has given indisputable proofs, which Mr. Courtney, of course, accepts. Strange are the currents of prejudice in the literary ocean. So strong are they that Mr. Ross even feared the book might be boycotted altogether. The number of professed critics whose sole aim is to recognise and draw attention to works of beauty and interest is pathetically small.

Last night's Court was considerably marred by the eccentric spring weather we are having. Fog and bitter winds do not go well with Court dress, and the more or less draughty rooms of the Palace

WATER FOR FEVER-STRICKEN LINCOLN.



Though the water supplied to Lincoln is being chemically treated, the inhabitants still refuse to use it for drinking purposes. The above photograph shows them congregated at the railway station waiting to carry away some of the 10,000 gallons which Alderman Smith is supplying daily from Newark, eighteen miles away.—(Lee.)

PRINCE STABBED TO DEATH LONG ACRE FIRE HERO.



Prince Andronnikoff, who has been stabbed to death in Warsaw. It was he who gave orders for the garrison troops to fire on an unarmed mob in the streets.

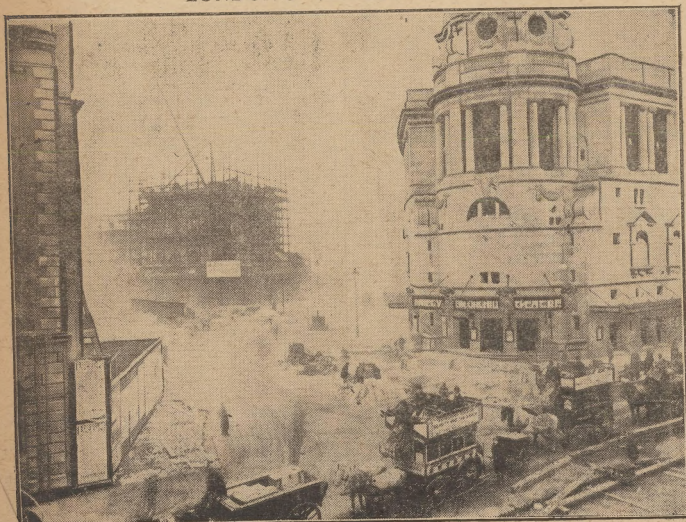


Fireman Bullock, who, it is expected, will be awarded the silver medal—the highest award of the London Fire Brigade—for bravery at the Long Acre fire.



What the weather was like at Nice yesterday, while London was enveloped in chok en fête, and everyone was

LONDON'S NEWEST STREET.



The Strand end of Aldwych, the new road to Holborn, a part of which has just been opened. The uncompleted building with the scaffolding in the middle is the Waldorf Theatre, which will be opened in May. On the right is the new Gaiety.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

200-GUINEA GOWN.



Lady Haldon, wearing the 200-guinea gown in which she is shortly to appear in the new sketch, "The Sporting Duchess."

LONDON AT



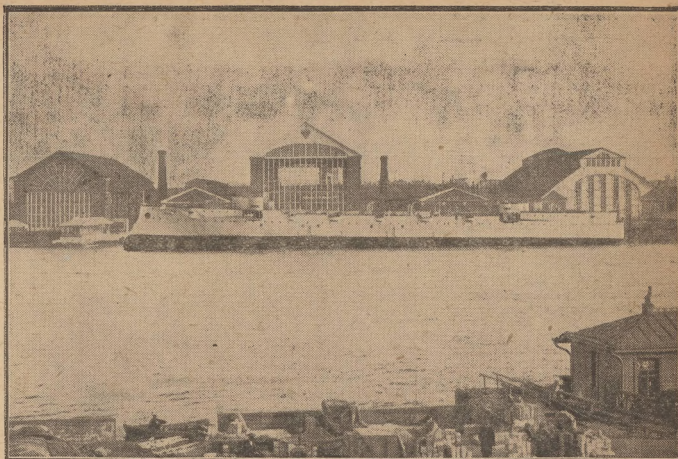
In contrast to the magnificent weather of yesterday morning. The above scene

YESTERDAY.



...fog, can be seen from the above photograph of the Carnival at Nice. The town was ...ying the brilliant sunshine.

RUSSIAN DOCKYARD STRIKE.



The labourers in the Russian Governmental dockyards on the Neva are on strike in consequence of their demands not having been complied with. The above photograph shows a battleship lying in the principal dockyard waiting to be completed.

TWO INTERESTING ROYAL BABIES.



The Tsarevitch Alexis, heir to the throne of All the Russias. It is stated that he is seriously ill.



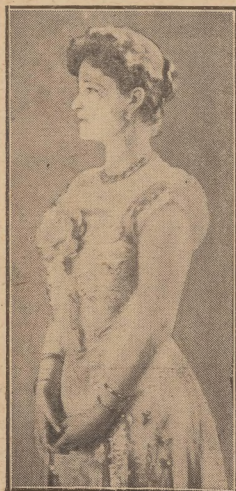
Prince Windisch-Graetz, who is a great-grandson of two reigning European monarchs—the Emperor of Austria and the King of the Belgians.—(Langham.)

D-DAY YESTERDAY.



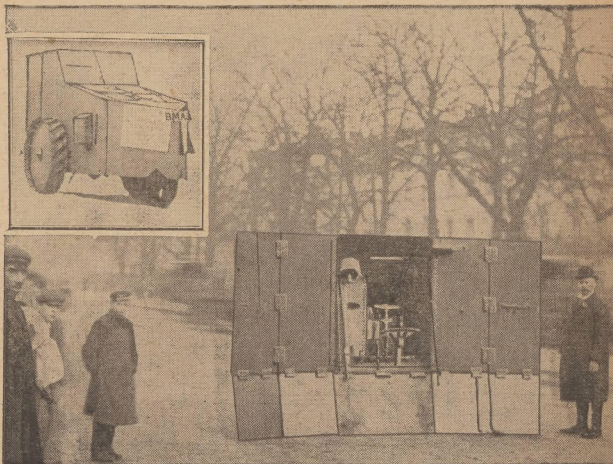
...continent, London was enveloped in a heavy fog all ...algar-square at noon.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

GRAND DUCHESS SERGIUS.



In succession to her assassinated husband, the Grand Duchess has been appointed commander of the Fifth Kieff Grenadier Regiment.

EATON-PLACE FORTIFIED: FIRST ARMoured MOTOR.



Unique sight in London streets. The Ivel armoured motor, with the back thrown open, showing how the gunners are protected in time of war. It is used for agricultural purposes in time of peace. In the top left-hand corner the motor is seen with the battery closed.—(Argent.)

A DARLING OF FORTUNE.

By DOUGLAS ALEXANDER.

Lady Rosman's reception was declared by everyone there—including rival hostesses—to be a brilliant success. The rooms were filled with well-known people, distinguished men, and beautiful women. Light talk and airy laughter made pleasant music in the warm, flower-scented air, and mingled with the dreamy strains from behind a bank of ferns that concealed a famous band.

Yet there were two people present, seated alone in an alcove, apart from the rest of the guests, who looked anything but happy.

Esther Courtney unfurled her fan with a restless movement.

"It is useless quarrelling with destiny," she said to the man by her side, who was glancing at her exquisite profile with hungry eyes.

"It is your mother who represents destiny to you," he said savagely, and there was a look almost of despair on his young, good-looking face. "You have been persuaded into it."

"Really I haven't," declared the girl, yet her tone lacked decision.

"But you don't care for him?" persisted Dick Carrington.

"I won't hear you say that, Dick. Because you and I were foolish—when we were very young—and sentimental, you haven't any right to suppose—"

"Then you mean you never cared for me at all?"

"Oh, Dick, I don't know," said the girl miserably. "But we should have had to wait so long, and it would have been a cruel disappointment to mother if I had refused Sir Lucian Eyre. She was always ambitious for me, and all her life she has denied herself things so that I might have every advantage."

Dick Carrington said no more. But he set his mouth determinedly. He had not given up hope.

"If only I were rich," he said to himself. He was a barrister and briefless, though he worked hard and was his own severe taskmaster.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Crane, can it be possible that you have never met our great man?"

"You see, I go so little into society. Whom do you mean?"

"Mean? Why Sir Lucian Eyre?"

"Oh, yes, I once knew someone of that name. He was not knighted then, but I recollect him as a very clever young man, a darling of fortune, bound to succeed one day."

"Well, he has decidedly found his place now."

"Yes, I hear his name on every lip—I read it in every paper."

"Stay here a moment. I must see that your acquaintance is renewed."

Without heeding the quick protest on Mrs. Crane's part Lady Rosman hurried off to find the man of the hour.

"I want to introduce you to someone who knew you a long time ago," she said.

"I think I must be excused, if you do not mind," replied Eyre. "I was just going to say good-bye. I have some work I must do to-night."

"Half an hour won't matter much. Do come."

Eyre yielded, and the introduction was made. Then Lady Rosman hurried off to some other of her numerous guests.

Sir Lucian Eyre gazed at Mrs. Crane earnestly for some moments. Beneath his earnest scrutiny she coloured slightly.

"I believe you're counting the wrinkles! It's unkind. Take me away from this noise and heat into one of the conservatories."

He looked at her still with that intent gaze, but spoke no word. When they reached the desired haven she sank down upon a cushioned divan.

"I want you to tell me something about yourself," he said. "Remember I had been away from England for ten years until I returned a few months ago. My husband was obliged to live in Italy. He died two years ago."

"The years have treated you well," he said, breaking silence at last.

"Never mind me. I want to hear you talk about yourself."

"I'm not an emotional man," he went on slowly, "or I might have the power to make you realise all the pain I suffered when you left my life empty."

"You cared so much?" she murmured.

"I cared—so much. Yet it gives me something of satisfaction to tell you, after these years, that it was your cruelty which woke me from a dream-world. You awoke me roughly, but I owe you gratitude for that now. You made me what I am. Out of a sluggard, an idler, you made a man."

Again there was silence between them for a few moments. Then Mrs. Crane, leaning forward, began to speak.

"Now, let me tell you something," she said earnestly. "I can do so now without fear of your misunderstanding me, because I read in the paper yesterday of your engagement. Listen to my half of the story. I cared for you all the time."

He looked at her in wonder and doubt.

"Think. To have married you then would have been to ruin your prospects. I had the strength to send you away from me, because I loved you. I saw the power, the genius in you. I did not dare let you waste your life through me. You would never have risen as you have done had you been tied by marriage."

"How you disparage yourself," he responded gently. His voice had lost all its bitterness; his eyes shone with a new light.

Ten days later he called at her hotel.

"I've been jilted for the second time," he said merrily. "I want your congratulations. I'm free."

She glanced at him with amazement.

"Is your engagement broken off?"

"That is what has happened. There was little love on either side. I liked and admired the girl, and when her mother suggested that Esther cared for me I was coxcomb enough to believe her."

Mrs. Crane coloured painfully at a sudden remembrance.

"I'm so sorry," she stammered.

"I know. You're sorry that you told me a secret in the conservatory at Lady Rosman's. That's just that which makes me glad. Shall I tell you what my first thought was when Esther asked me to release her?"

"How I guess?" she said.

"It was relief at being able to tell you what I only discovered myself the other night—that is, I love you more than ever. I want you to be my wife."

"It is like a dream," she whispered, as he held her slight form close in his arms. "After all these years!"

natured laugh. "When I saw him walking off with her, I was quite sure he had fallen in love at last. He's never taken so much trouble about a woman before."

"She's an awfully funny girl!" remarked a fluffy, fair-haired little girl, not without a spice of malice in her silvery tones. "I don't suppose she's quite so childish as she appears. Do you think she is so wonderfully beautiful?" she added, addressing the company at large.

The expression of their views on the subject was curtailed by the appearance of the men. Presently Anthony Heron came in, too, having finished his letters, and although every woman present strove hard to read some meaning usual in his manner, there was absolutely nothing about him to indicate that anything unusual had happened.

All the same, Mrs. Grampian pondered over the incident of Joan Tempest's departure while she dressed for dinner that night. It was certainly strange that the girl should have announced her intention of leaving immediately on her return from the walk with Tony Heron.

He had certainly singled her out conspicuously by his attentions, a thing he had never been known to do before. Was it possible that she had refused him? Surely not; besides, in that case, it would certainly have been his place to leave Perivale.

She could find no explanation that in any way seemed to satisfy her curiosity. It was merely the ordinary curiosity of a disinterested outsider, and she had nothing but kindly feelings towards the girl, who had quite won her heart. Having no daughter of her own, she did not care whom Anthony Heron married, but she could not help taking an interest in him, as every woman did, and she would have liked to say that such a widely-discussed event as his marriage would undoubtedly be arranged while he was her guest in her new house.

But she was not by any means a gossip, and, finding the matter beyond her, she put it out of her mind, and did not encourage any attempts that were made during the evening to refer to it.

Meanwhile, Joan reached Victoria Station without having reduced to any kind of order the chaotic and complex emotions that rioted in her soul.

She only knew that she felt very lonely, and that every moment would be an age, while she was separated from the man who had taken possession of her life, and that, when she did see him, there would be difficulties and a hateful secrecy, and that she had done nothing to deserve to meet these giant obstacles in the path of her happiness.

But, for all that, she could not feel unhappy, and all things that went on around her still had that same detached and dream-like effect, as if she were viewing them from an enormous distance; and a great glow of secret joy filled her whole being with every pulsing beat of her heart that had found its king.

She found Lady Betty waiting for her at Victoria. The older woman looked her usual energetic, supremely aristocratic self, and she was wise enough to make her sharp scrutiny of the girl's face without appearing to do more than warmly and affectionately greet her.

"It was a shame that they spirited you off!" she exclaimed, as she piloted Joan across the platform to the place where the electric brougham waited.

"I was horribly disappointed when your mother arrived alone."

It was not until they were clear of the station and gliding swiftly through the streets that she turned to the girl and said in a quiet and rather nervous voice:

"You understood my letter, dear child?"

"Yes," said Joan.

"I was horribly disappointed when your mother arrived alone."

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"I was horribly disappointed when your mother arrived alone."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

VEGETABLES v. MEAT.

With regard to the letters from your correspondents I enclose the following extract from an article on "Nutrition" taken from a standard German work on chemistry:—

"Meat, eggs, and milk are most completely utilised; vegetable much less thoroughly, as from 20-40 per cent. are undigested. A powerful body can scarcely be built up and maintained on a purely vegetable diet. The small capacity for work of persons so fed is known."

Wigan. PRO BONO PUBLICO.

ONLY ONE CASE OUT OF MANY.

Seeing that a committee has been formed for the relief of the Nelson destitute widows I humbly make my sad appeal.

My husband died unexpectedly and left me with three young children, without friend or relation to help me, my youngest child only a baby.

I had 10s. per week from Nelson and Company, Ltd., for a year and a half. It kept the little home over myself and my babies. But now I am destitute and alone in the world.

M. B. HARTE.
25, Clonliffe-road, Dublin.

"CLEAN MOUTHS."

Everywhere now you find notices to please refrain from spitting, to avoid contagion, etc. I think it just as important to have notices put about for people (of a class) to keep "clean mouths," i.e., to refrain from using disgusting language. During the past year I have noticed it has got worse.

It sometimes makes proper-minded and proper-speaking English folk loathe their fellow-countrymen to hear them seemingly exult in their filthy remarks.

REX.
Stroud Green.

DR. TORREY IN THE CITY.

The thing that struck me most at Dr. Torrey's City meeting was that at least 75 per cent. of the attendants were people who were religious already. The enthusiastic and ardent attendance of these people excluded the late arrivals from admittance.

Yet it is more than likely, from the fact of their being late and indifferent, that these latter are just the people that require "reviving."

NUDIS VERBIS.

DR. TORREY'S DILEMMA.

A very amusing incident was witnessed at the Cannon-street Hotel in connection with the Torrey-Alexander Mission to-day (February 22).

The meetings are advertised to commence at 1.15. By one o'clock the building was packed. A large crowd stood gazing at the words "Full up," and feeling rather disappointed.

At last a man managed to edge through the crowd. The constable slightly pushed him back and said politely, "No room, sir; hall packed."

At this juncture, however, much to the amusement of all, it was seen that the gentleman was none other than Dr. Torrey himself, who was, of course, apologised to and duly admitted.

54, Hetley-road, W. BLETHTYN REES.

MOTOR-CAR "GUIDER."

Respecting the objections to the use of the word "chauffeur," let me suggest the "guider" as more appropriate, for he does not drive; the petrol or steam does that.

Victoria-villas, Newmarket.



To H.M. THE KING.

BUCHANAN'S "SPECIAL" SCOTCH WHISKY



To H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SOUPS
FOR THE MILLION!!

Poulton & Noel's

Id. PACKETS.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

4 Samples, one of each
kind, POST FREE, 4d.
BELGRAVIAN WORKS,
LONDON.



YES, FREE!—F. HODGSON AND SONS, City of Leeds, will send to every reader of the "Daily Mirror" (25/2/1906) namely, on receipt of Postal order for 5s. 6d., with postage 6d., one of our Ladies' Beautiful Tailor-made Cloths Dress Dress Costume Suits, in Black Navy. Elaborately trimmed with Silhouette strapless, fastened at side, and fitted with good linings, pocket. We shall present 100,000 of these to our readers. Skirt a Ladies' Fashionable Chair, Fur or Chatelaine Wrists Bag, belt, highly polished, nickel steel frame, with detachable swivel to annex to waist-belt, or, if preferred, a Massive 18-carat Gold Patent Chain Bracelet, with heart Pendant, encrusted with pearls and turquoise and a pair of Pearl Earrings. Sizes: 32, 40, 42 in.

100,000 RUGS Given Away.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of the "Daily Mirror" 25/2/1906. On receipt of P.O. for 5s. 6d., we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, 5/6 one of our

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA BRUSSELLETTE CARPETS.

Suitable for Drawings-rooms, Dining-rooms, Bed-rooms, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blues, and Floral Art Colorings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These Carpets, with Rug FREE, will be sent out as sample Carpets, thereby showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being specially of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to Match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for 10s. Money willingly Refunded if not approved. Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials Received. Galaxy Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearstings, Table Linens, Curtains, Shirtings, etc., post free. If mentioning "Daily Mirror" (25/2/1906) while writing. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. D.L.R.), Manufacturers, Importers, & Merchants, Woodley Road, LEEDS.

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD

GIVES HEALTH, STRENGTH, COMFORT, AND QUIET NIGHTS

To MOTHERS, NURSES, INFANTS, AND INVALIDS.

Guaranteed absolutely pure. Sample and Booklet free. RIDGE'S ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.

Advice

Wash once with Fels-Naptha. Worth 4/- a week at least—it saves more than that in time, and wear on clothes.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XLIII.

In life wishes fickle-souly stay; Be there a will, and wisdom may.

—George Crabbe.

The departure of Joan Tempest from Perivale caused something of a sensation.

She left by the five o'clock express from King's Brady, having told Mrs. Grampian, after she returned from her walk through the woods with Anthony Heron, just what she had told Billy at luncheon, that she had heard in the morning that her mother was not well, and that, as she had heard nothing more, she was anxious, and felt that she must go to her at once.

The excuse seemed to her hostess a little inadequate. She pondered over it, after the girl had left for the station, with Billy as escort, and remembering how decidedly Joan had vetoed her suggestion that they should write and find out if Mrs. Tempest really was bad enough to necessitate Joan's journey to London, she decided that the real reason of the girl's departure must be found somewhere else.

When she announced it, over the tea-cups in the hall, a general chorus of astonishment rose from the assembled women, and confirmed her in her suspicions.

"How funny of her to go off like that!" exclaimed one. "Do you think her mother is really ill, Mrs. Grampian? She didn't say a word about it this morning."

"I certainly thought she had captured the great Tony," put in Lady Callander, with a good-

natured laugh. "When I saw him walking off with her, I was quite sure he had fallen in love at last. He's never taken so much trouble about a woman before."

"She's an awfully funny girl!" remarked a fluffy, fair-haired little girl, not without a spice of malice in her silvery tones. "I don't suppose she's quite so childish as she appears. Do you think she is so wonderfully beautiful?" she added, addressing the company at large.

The expression of their views on the subject was curtailed by the appearance of the men. Presently Anthony Heron came in, too, having finished his letters, and although every woman present strove hard to read some meaning usual in his manner, there was absolutely nothing about him to indicate that anything unusual had happened.

All the same, Mrs. Grampian pondered over the incident of Joan Tempest's departure while she dressed for dinner that night. It was certainly strange that the girl should have announced her intention of leaving immediately on her return from the walk with Tony Heron.

He had certainly singled her out conspicuously by his attentions, a thing he had never been known to do before. Was it possible that she had refused him? Surely not; besides, in that case, it would certainly have been his place to leave Perivale.

She could find no explanation that in any way seemed to satisfy her curiosity. It was merely the ordinary curiosity of a disinterested outsider, and she had nothing but kindly feelings towards the girl, who had quite won her heart. Having no daughter of her own, she did not care whom Anthony Heron married, but she could not help taking an interest in him, as every woman did, and she would have liked to say that such a widely-discussed event as his marriage would undoubtedly be arranged while he was her guest in her new house.

But she was not by any means a gossip, and,

The Story of the Man who Married Forty Wives.

A LESSON IN HYPNOTISM.

Chance Acquaintance Whose Passing Remark
Started Him on His Detestable Career.

In yesterday's issue we commenced the astounding life-story of Johann Hoch, the "American Bluebeard." Hoch went from Germany to the United States in 1894, settled in Milwaukee, where he married a boarding-house keeper, who had saved \$2,000. A few months afterwards the woman died, it is said, from arsenical poisoning. Seven days later Hoch sold the boarding-house, took his late wife's money, and suddenly disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

A Talk in the Train.

As the train steamed out of the big station, gathering speed as it went, a heavy German, who had been watching the busy platform with restless, furtive gaze, gave a sigh of relief and settled himself more comfortably in his place. It was Hoch.

The anxiety of the past week was over as Milwaukee was left behind. He had dared not leave the city before, but the days had been agonising in their length in his constant fear that the eagle-eyed American police might be watching his movements.

He was smartly dressed in black, and bore the appearance of a prosperous business man. His opposite neighbour in the Pullman was a swarthy, black-eyed Italian. His carelessly-worn clothes and long hair seemed to indicate an artist or, perhaps, a professor.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Presently he looked up from his paper and spoke to Hoch in a smooth, soft voice. The German, a startled tremor running through his limbs, took him for a detective at first.

"Dirty city, Milwaukee," said the Italian.

"Yes," replied Hoch in his broken English, and under his heavy eyebrows gazed anxiously at the stranger. But the next words put him at ease.

"Had a show in there," he continued, "but there was no money in it, so I quit. Hypnotist," he explained easily.

The men chatted for a while, and Hoch became interested. The Italian boasted that by hypnosis he could make man or woman obey him.

The German laid down his paper. "Have a cigar?" he said, producing a couple from his waistcoat pocket.

"I don't use them," replied the Italian, and pulled out a packet of cheap cigarettes.

"You can do that, yes?" queried Hoch, incredulously, his dull eyes gleaming.

"Certainly," said the other, "it is not always possible with men, but with women, it is so simple.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

your mother to know. You see, I knew that—that Mr. Heron was to be at Perivale, and I asked you both to come and stay with me because I thought it would be awkward for you all, if you happened to meet, which would be quite possible while you were at Little Brady."

"I see," said Joan composedly. Her face betrayed nothing; Lady Betty was far the more embarrassed of the two.

"Then when your mother arrived alone and told me that you had gone to stay at Perivale I knew that the most—most unfortunate thing of all had happened, and that you and Mr. Heron were under the same roof. You did not know he was going to be there, of course?"

"No," said Joan.

Lady Betty grew anxious. Was this composure of the girl's assumed to hide something? Had anything happened? Was there more misery, more tragedy in store for these two women?

"I suppose you would have come away, even if I hadn't written?" she asked sharply.

"I—I don't know what I should have done," Joan answered slowly. "I don't think I should have known what to do."

"That's natural enough," said Lady Betty, slightly reassured. "It was a most terribly difficult position for a girl to be placed in. It would have taxed the wisdom and the courage of any woman. I suppose you—you avoided him?"

"Not particularly," said Joan.

"No, perhaps you were right. But surely he had the good taste to keep out of your way? The men were shooting all the morning, of course?"

"Yes. We went to luncheon with them." The words she spoke seemed not into her mouth; she spoke them without volition.

Some, of course, are what you call strong-minded, and you must go carefully, playing, as it were, with their fancies, humouring their weaknesses."

The German said nothing for a few minutes. He put his hand to his pocket at his hip, as though to assure himself that something was safe. It was a pocket-book containing over £2,000 in American bills.

Then he spoke slowly, labouring, it would seem, with some excitement, and finding difficulty in framing his sentences.

"Ach, I should this hypnotism like to know," he began. "It is a thing to me most learned."

"I speak German," said the Italian, and Hoch relapsed into his native language with a sigh of relief.

"I thought hypnotism," he continued, "meant putting people to sleep and that sort of thing. And when you had put them to sleep you might perhaps influence them a little. So?"

MAKING MEN AND WOMEN SLAVES.

The other smiled contemptuously. "That is child's play, to amuse the ignorant and the foolish. It is but the small beginning of the greatest science in the world, the science of controlling the working of the human brain. That is my work, to take men or women and to use them, to influence them, and to make them, thinking the while they act voluntarily, obey my will."

He tapped his forehead dramatically with a long nicotine-stained finger.

"Where are you going?" asked Hoch abruptly.

"Chicago," replied the Italian.

"I go to Chicago," replied Hoch, "for a little pleasure trip."

Then he went on to tell an elaborate tale of his travels in America, "to see things for pleasure and business," he explained, and spoke again of the business in Germany.

Throughout the journey Hoch plied the Italian with questions as to his science, and finally proposed that they should stay at the same hotel.

TWO DANGEROUS LODGERS.

"I go to a boarding-house that I know of," said the other, "and you can come there, unless you prefer a hotel. The woman is a friend of mine, and you shall see how she will do anything I wish."

Hoch agreed. When finally Chicago was reached they checked their baggage and took the south side car together.

The German chuckled to himself. If this man could do these things he would do them. "Men," he laughed to himself, "I do not want men. I shall take the women, those over forty, because they are easier, and they shall keep me in luxury all my life."

Thus were conceived the diabolical methods which have now brought Hoch before an American Judge to answer for the lives of eight women.

(On Monday we shall tell of Hoch's initiation into hypnotism, and of his first experiments.)

A FRIEND IN DISGUISE.

An Irishman hired himself to a menagerie-keeper to impersonate a performing lion. When the time of the performance came he was horrified to hear the keeper say, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, the lion and the tiger will enter the same cage." However, the keeper said softly to him, "Don't be afraid. Tigers never eat lions."

The Irishman felt frightened all the same—all the more so when the tiger began to growl and make rushes at the supposed lion. "Holy St. Patrick, protect me," he murmured, and then, to his great surprise, he heard the tiger say, "Be easy; I'm an Irishman myself."

"And, of course, he knew you were coming away?"

"Yes."

"And, Joan, we won't say anything to your mother. It is quite unnecessary. The thing is done with, and I am sure you behaved with the greatest discretion and tact. And you mustn't go back to Little Brady until Mrs. Grampian has left Perivale, and they have forgotten all about this house-party, or else someone is bound to chatter to her and mention Mr. Heron's name."

"Oh, but I want to go back to Little Brady!" exclaimed the girl, with sudden energy. Then, seeing Lady Betty's shrewd eyes fixed on her face, she added quickly, "You know, Lady Betty, I don't care about town. I love the country."

"We must make you like London," said Lady Betty, with decision. "We must give you a real good time."

But Joan was plunged into despair. She had never dreamed that Lady Betty would try and keep them in London, and she knew that her mother would be only too glad and eager to stay.

But, then, how could she communicate with the man who had sent her away from him in order that all suspicion might be appeased, and that they might meet again the sooner? How could she see him if she stayed in London? At Little Brady she could do as she liked—there was no one to watch her. But Lady Betty's house was full of servants, and it was always filled with people, she supposed, and who all knew Anthony Heron.

She fought with sudden rising tears. She felt so lonely, so lost in the great city, among people who wanted to rule her life and cared not if in the ruling they trampled on her heart.

"I think life is horrible—horrible!" she said fiercely; and one great, hopeless sob escaped her.

Just then the brougham drew up at the house in Green-street. Lady Betty said nothing. She was full of doubts and fears, but her heart ached

A LITTLE SERMON.

By the Rev. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

As an eagle that stretch up her nest, that uttereth over her young, she spread abroad his wings, He took them, He bare them on His pinions.—DEUT. xxxii. 7.

That picture is full of poetry, full of life and truth and beauty. Mark it. Have you ever seen an eagle stirring up her nest? You know what happens. There in the nest, right upon the rocky height, are the eaglets. The mother eagle comes, and, taking hold of them, flings them out of her nest.

They begin to fall straightaway. They have never been on the earth before; they have always been in the nest. Is not that mother bird cruel? Why does she disturb the eaglets? Watch her, and you will understand. As long as you look upon the struggling eaglets in the air you miss the point. Watch the eagle!

Having stirred up her nest, "she spreadeth abroad her pinions," the pinions that beat the air behind her as she rises superior to it. Where are the eaglets? Struggling and falling; she superior; they are falling. Then what does she do? "She beareth them on her pinions." She swoops beneath them, catches them on her wings, and bears them up.

What is she doing? Teaching them to fly. That is how God deals with you and with me. Has He been stirring up your nest? Has He flung you out until you felt lost in an element that is new and strange? Look at Him. He is not lost in that element. He spreads out the wings of His omnipotence to teach us how to soar.

What then? He comes beneath us, and catches us on His wings. We thought when He flung us out of the nest it was unkind. No; He was teaching us to fly.

"PETER PAN'S" HUNDREDTH NIGHT.



Mr. du Maurier as the Pirate King in "Peter Pan," which has just passed its hundredth performance and is still going very strong.

for the girl, for she knew the world to well, and knew how cruel and incomprehensible its ways often seem to the young. But she was far from dreaming how little it was of this girl's rebellion and bewilderment that she understood.

Joan had only just time to dress for dinner, as her hostess told her that other people were expected.

Her mother came into her room to welcome her, distinguished and perfectly dressed as usual, and looking radiant, as she always did when she came in contact with the life of a big city. Her manner was affectionate, with just a tinge of embarrassment in it, for she bitterly regretted the outburst of temper that had made the last few days at Little Brady so painful and miserable for both of them.

"I suppose you didn't mind coming away?" she asked, after she had put several questions about the members of the house party. "Lady Betty was so very anxious to have you here. You see, she had arranged all sorts of gaieties for you."

"It is awfully good of her," said Joan. "I can't think why she is so good to me."

"Put that coil of hair lower down in your neck," said Vanna. "That's right. That's just perfect. Tell me, what did you do the first night?"

"Oh, nothing," the girl answered. "Some of them played bridge, and there was some music."

"And this morning, I suppose, the guns went out early?"

"Yes, and we had luncheon with them."

"Were there any nice men? But, of course, you never notice them."

"I think Lord Cardiff is very nice," said Joan. She hated all these lies, all this deception; she hated having to hug this wonderful secret, that was a crown of glory, as it were a thing of shame.

"He's so quiet and bookish. I suppose he didn't frighten you," laughed Vanna lightly. "But come, if you are ready. Hasn't this old white

(Continued on page 13.)



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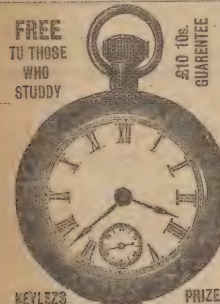
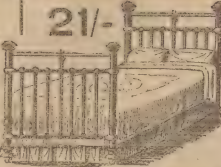
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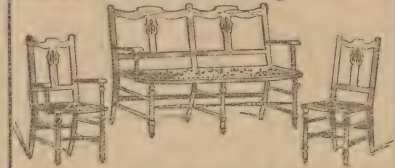
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CHILDREN'S CORNER—A LITTLE GIRL OF EIGHT COMES OUT FIRST.

AWARD OF MERIT.

OUR YOUNG READERS' CONTRIBUTIONS

The drawings as a whole were not quite so good this week as they were last, but the subject was certainly a more difficult one. The prize has been awarded to a little girl of eight years of age, whose name is

IDA BEER,
6, Freemantle-road,
Eastville,
Bristol.

On this page is another outline drawing of the little people in our story. We want each young reader to finish it off with pen or pencil. Then write their age, name, and address on a piece of paper and paste it with stamp paper or pin it to the picture. Pack it in an envelope addressed: "Children's Competition," *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, and post it so that it reaches here on Wednesday morning at latest.

"MY DIARY," BY DICK.

I said I would pay Mabel Jane out about the soup. So, after thinking it over for some time, I decided that I would hide Miranda, and let Mabel think that the horrid doll was lost. I couldn't settle where to put her, but suddenly had a brilliant idea to hide her in the motor-shed, because I knew Mabel would look everywhere in the house.

So one day, when Mabel Jane had gone into the town with nurse to the dentist's, I slipped out with Miranda.

Vic, our dog, is in a kennel just outside the motor-house. He came out to speak to me, and I said, "Hi, Vic, I'm going to hide Mabel Jane's doll. Isn't it a joke?" And he wagged his tail, and looked as though he thought it great sport. I put the doll on a box under a pile of sacking, and Vic looked on all the time as pleased as anything.

LOOK BEFORE YOU HOWL.

When Mabel Jane came back she went to take Miranda out of her cot. I pretended to be very busy over my Russian soldiers.

"Where's Miranda?" said Mabel. "Dick have you taken her?" I hummed a tune. "Dick," said Mabel again, and I saw she was going to begin to scream. "Why don't you look before you howl?" I said. So she began to hunt all over the place.

I came and pretended to look, too. Of course, we didn't find her. Nurse joined in the hunt, and everybody said it was a most extraordinary thing. "I expect she has run away because you fussed her so," I told Mabel Jane. "Stupid. Dick, you know she can't walk." "Well, you are always pretending she can. I expect she is pretending now." Mabel sat in a corner and moped all the afternoon. Presently I saw she was crying, not her usual howl, but just the tears trickling down. So I thought I would forgive her and go and fetch Miranda.

I went out to the motor-house. When I got inside I saw at once that the piece of sacking had been moved. I lifted it up and looked on the box and on the floor. Miranda had gone. What should I do? I didn't want to make Mabel Jane really unhappy.

I searched all round, but not a sign of Miranda. I walked outside and had a look at Vic, and wondered if he had taken her, but he was chained up as usual. I went back to the house. Mabel Jane wouldn't eat any tea, and Nurse said: "Come, Miss Mabel, you will make yourself ill." After tea father came up and promised he would get Mabel a new doll. But Mabel only cried, and

said she could not let any other doll take the place of her darling Miranda.

"Miranda must turn up," said father. "This isn't one of your tricks, is it, Master Dick? Do you know where the doll is?" Father looked hard at me. I quaked in my shoes, but I could truly say I didn't know. I wished I did.

The next day Mabel Jane was feverish, and they had to send for the doctor. I munched into the garden feeling very miserable and thinking to myself that perhaps she would die of a broken heart, and it would be all my fault.

WAGGING HIS TAIL.

Vic came out and wagged his tail at me. Then he turned round and went back into his kennel. The next moment he came out again wagging his tail harder than ever, and with Miranda between his teeth. I suppose he had got into the shed and taken her when the gardener let him off his chain. I gave a yell and grabbed her.

Vic thought it was a game first of all and wouldn't let go. But I got her away and fled upstairs.

"I've found her," I cried; "I've found her." You should just have seen Mabel Jane's face.

The funny part was that Vic did not seem to have done any damage. I believe he had only used Miranda as a cushion. I thought I had better explain to mother how he ever came to get hold

of her, as I felt rather beastly about it. And mother just said, "Oh, Dick, you shouldn't be so revengeful. I hope it will be a lesson to you."

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A Month's Beauty Treatment and the Result.

Is not beauty power? Is it not worth while to deny oneself the price of a dress in order that one's loveliness may be revived and the ravages of the weary winter removed from one's appearance never to return again?

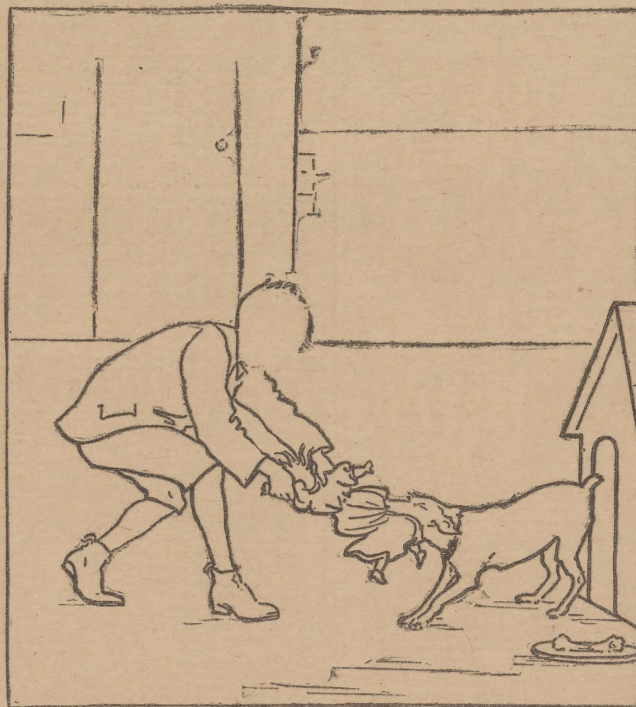
Mme. de Lacey, whose elegant boudoirs are situated just out of Bond-street—in point of fact, at 20, Brook-street—herewith makes her clients an offer that will be found most advantageous. Complexions that want freshening, hair that needs rejuvenation, hands that require whitening, in fact, any ill that will answer to treatment she will bestow her skill upon for a whole month, giving treatments every day, for the sum of just five guineas—the cost of a single toilette, and not a very elaborate one at that.

Let us examine into the matter commercially, so that the full force of what is offered may be realised. To take that important detail, the hair,

first of all. At 20, Brook-street it can be tinted so as to defy detection, for Madame and her assistants are very clever colourists in every sense, and sympathetic ones, too, which is why so many girls and women prefer to seek their services and entrust to them their little secrets, rather than to go to men. They most successfully dress the hair, revealing unexpected beauties of profile and feature, and colour it with henna to perfection—a very delicate process, but one that, when carefully performed, not only brings back the natural shade of the tresses, but renders the hair strong and most luxuriant. For this Madame's charge is only 10s. 6d. should the front of the head only, where the hair usually first changes colour, require tinting, and one guinea for the whole head of hair. She is even thoughtful enough to set bronze and gold hairpins at only fourpence a pair.

A compendium of really reliable notions and creams on one's toilet table means all the difference between being beautiful and smartly groomed and looking dowdy and neglected, and as all Mme. de Lacey's preparations are the acme of excellence a few of them shall here be named. She has the famous Barona pomade, made specially for cases where the hair is thin and inclined to fall out, and sold in jars at 2s. 6d. each; the exquisitely refreshing and rejuvenating Lotion de Poinsetta, an astringent tonic for 3s. 6d.; the Brilliantine Japonica, which imparts to the hair a beautiful fulness and gloss, and costs from 4s. 6d. a bottle; and a perfectly marvellous dandruff lotion, price only 2s.

Women who have lived in Australia do not need to be told that the whittle is a plant full of beautifying possibilities; others who have not been to the Antipodes will scarcely recognise the mimosa under this name, though it and whittle are the same. Mme. de Lacey has a face-powder in three colours, a skin-food, and a tooth-powder (the last only is a box) made of Australian whittle. She has also several perfumes that will very strongly appeal to everyone who loves a delicate and refreshing colour, among which may be mentioned the Bush Clematis, the Bavardia, and the Baronia, all at 1s. 6d. a bottle.



Dick again behaves badly. But he was very sorry his little sister became ill when she thought Miranda was lost for ever, and when Miranda was found Dick rejoiced.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

velvet of mine lasted wonderfully," she added, as she paused a moment in front of a long glass, surveying her beautiful figure which was set off to perfection by the rich simplicity of the gown.

The evening, and the next day, and the next went by in a constant succession of engagements, in which Joan took her part mechanically, although every moment of the day and her thoughts were far from her. She dined, and went to the play, and supped, and walked in the Park, and watched the skating at Prince's, and motored with Lady Betty, and was introduced to all that lady's friends who happened to be in London, and there were a good many passing through, and won all hearts by her grave beauty and her simple, natural ways. But all the time she was wondering miserably how many more ages were to pass before she would see one face and hear one voice again.

Monday came, the day on which Anthony Heron was to leave Perivale, the day on which he had supposed Joan and her mother would be going back to Little Brady.

She had promised to write to him to the address he had given her in London, and describe the place where she would meet him, and name the day and the time.

But Lady Betty, secure in the belief that Anthony Heron was going on to pay another visit at once,

and would, at the most, only stay in town for a day, pressed Vanna to stay longer, another week, until she herself left for Egypt.

Vanna was overjoyed; she was in her element again, in the midst of gaiety, life, adulation; and her enjoyment was stronger than the sense of obligation which, in soberer moments, weighed her down.

And Joan had to subdue her fever of impatience, and pretend, out of simple gratitude to Lady Betty, that she was glad to stay, while she tortured herself in the solitude of her own room with all sorts of terrible conjectures. She thought that he would think she did not care, that she had repented, that she was not strong enough—a thousand things that would drive him away. And he was so great and powerful, he would soon forget her, and she would die of a broken heart. She was too young, too utterly unversed in the ways of stratagem and intrigue, to be sure that, difficult though it might be, Anthony Heron was not a man to be denied, and would find a way.

She wrote to him on Monday, and posted the letter with her own hands.

"They are keeping me here," she wrote. "Lady Betty has asked us to stay another week. Mother wants to. What shall I do? I am frightened of London, and they take me out all day long. Oh, don't go away and leave me all alone—BLUE EYES."

It was poor consolation to send this. How was he to answer it? How could he let her hear from

him? She was totally ignorant of the byways of clandestine correspondence. She did not dream of telling him to write to some post office, where she could call and receive his answer. She was like one lost, dazed, and unable to help herself. All she realised was that she might not see him again for days—for ages—for ever.

"Joan, you look much older," said her mother suddenly, as they sat in the drawing-room at tea-time on the day after she had written her letter. "What's the matter with you? You look as if you had learned things. Has Billy Charteris been making love to you? That's the usual way women learn things—and grow old, isn't it, Lady Betty?"

Lady Betty experienced a pang of keen anxiety. She had noticed a subtle change in the girl herself, but had put it down to her imagination. But Vanna's blunt words, carelessly spoken, opened up a vista of awful possibilities. Knowing what she did, it was not Billy Charteris's love-making that she was afraid of.

The three women were alone, for a wonder. They had been motoring all day, and were resting before dinner, and Lady Betty had given orders that she was not at home.

But she had forgotten one person to whom her servants knew she always came home; and, presently, with an effect as startling as if a bomb had burst in the room, the footman opened the door and quietly announced:

"Mr. Heron."

(To be continued.)

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circumstances.

Notes on To-day's Great Rugby Match at Edinburgh.

There is every prospect of a big struggle at Inverleith this afternoon. The handsome win of the Irish fifteen at Cork has infused fresh life into the Rugby international championship, which, by reason of Wales beating England and Scotland, looked like petering out.

From the side defeated by the Principality the Scotch committee made four changes, Little and Fletcher among the forwards being left out in favour of Monteith, the Light Blue, and Dickson, the old Oxonian, and McCowatt and Timmis coming in in place of Forbes and Macdonald in the three-quarter line.

As it happens, Monteith, through illness, cannot play, and Crabbe is on the injured list. West, who played in all three games two years ago, is the new forward, and will not weaken the front rank, which is quite as strong as against Wales.

When I saw the names I thought that the executive had made a mistake in retaining Crabbe and McLeod, particularly the former, who is not fast enough for a wing three-quarter. In my view the dropping out of Crabbe is a fortunate matter for Scotland. Ritchie, who fills the vacancy, was the best wing man in the University match, and is a better player than the old Oxford captain.

Timmis is a thoroughly sound centre, and I cannot understand why he was not played against Wales. He has been assisting Cardiff for two or three seasons past, and is thoroughly well acquainted with Welsh tactics. McCowatt I have not seen, but when I was up in Edinburgh for the Wales match I was told he ought then to have been in the side. He is said to be a most dangerous man when at all near the line. Certainly he has scored a good many tries for the Glasgow Academicals this season.

On the whole, I should say Scotland are more powerfully represented than against Wales. Then they were let down by their three-quarters; they are stronger at that point on the present occasion.

With regard to the chances of the Irish team, it is difficult to offer an opinion. I fancy the form in the Cork match was a little misleading, and the Irishmen are not at all sanguine. The last time they won in Scotland was in 1890, and they have only beaten the men over the Border on four occasions in twenty-seven encounters.

I am anticipating a hard fight between the forwards, with the backs looking on for themselves. In such a struggle a three-quarter like Basil McLean may easily turn the scale in Ireland's favour. TOUCH JUDGE.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

ASSOCIATION.

INTERNATIONAL MATCH.
Middlesex v. England v. Ireland.

Derby County v. Nottingham.
Everton v. Blackburn Rovers.
Manchester City v. Burnley.
Newcastle U. v. Preston N.E. W.
Notts C. v. Wolverhampton.

Division I.
Sheffield U. v. Middlesbrough.
Sheff. Heath v. Aston Villa.
Blaque v. Sunderland.
Woolwich A. v. Sheffield W.
Notts C. v. Wolverhampton.

Division II.
Bolton Wanderers v. Bradford City.
Blackpool v. Burton U.T.D.
Barnsley v. Manchester U.
Burnley v. Barnsley Town.

Portsmouth v. Luton.
Northampton v. Swindon.
Brentford v. Tottenham H.
Queen's P.R. v. Millwall.
Bristol C. v. New Brighton.

Doncaster R. v. Gainsborough T.
Grimsby Town v. Liverpool.
Lincoln City v. Chesterfield.
West Brom. A. v. Bristol C.
Walsall.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.
Reading v. Wellingborough.
West Ham U. v. Southampton.
Brighton and Hove A. v. Watford.
Plymouth Argyle v. Fulham.

Division II.
Watford R. v. Brighton and Hove A.
Clapton Orient v. Southall.
Tottenham Hotspur R. v. Brentford R.

LEAGUE.
Millwall R. v. Queen's P.R.R.
Fulham R. v. Leyton.
Third Round.
Third Lanark v. Aberdeen.
Glasgow Rangers v. Celtic.

SCOTTISH CUP.
St. Mirren v. Aberdeen.
Glasgow Rangers v. Celtic.
OTHER MATCHES.
Corinthians v. Queen's P.R.
G.W.R. Athletic v. Swindon G.W.R.
Slough v. West Kensington.

Army v. Navy.
Leeds v. Leicester Forest.
Crosby End v. Chesham.

NORTHERN UNION.

LEAGUE.
Tynedale v. Bayley.
Brough Rangers v. Bradford.
Halifax v. Runcorn.
Hull v. Leeds.
Leigh v. Oldham.

Division I.
Widnes v. Hall Kingston Rovers.
Salford v. St. Helens.
Warrington v. Swinton.
Wakefield Trinity v. Wigan.

Division II.
Barrow v. Lancaster.
Bramley v. Castleford.
Pontefract v. Millom.

Normanton v. York.
Morecambe v. Rochdale Hornets.

RUGBY.

INTERNATIONAL MATCH.
Edinburgh: Scotland v. Ireland.

OTHER MATCHES.
Blackheath v. Oxford U.
Richmond v. Harlequins.
Rushley P. v. Old Marston.
Guy's H. v. Old Alleynians.
London Irish v. L. Scottish.
London Hospital v. Cardiff.
R.I.C. v. Leamington.
St. Bart's H. v. Old Leysians.
University v. Marlborough Nomads.
Plymouth v. Exeter.

Leicester.
Manchester v. Moseley.
Newport v. Llanelli.
Swansea v. Devonport Albion.
Bristol v. Sydney.
Coventry v. Burton.
Leamington v. Penryn.
Lpool v. Lpool Old Boys.
Cardiff v. Penarth.
Gloucester v. Cheltenham.

SPORTING NEWS ITEMS.

The sixteenth annual North v. South hockey match will be decided at Bowdon, Manchester, this afternoon, the bully-off taking place at a quarter to three p.m.

Preston North End will meet Newcastle United to-day with weakened forces. Bond is playing in the international game, and both Rodger and Bourne received injuries in Thursday's Cup-tie, which will prevent them playing. Orrell returns to the back division, and Rodger, a young Newcastle, figures at outside right, with Catterall on the other extreme.

The first annual amateur wrestling competition (in five weights) of the Swiss Gymnastic Society will be held on Monday and Tuesday next, the 27th and 28th inst., at the gymnastic headquarters, "Union Helvetia," Nassau-street, Shaftesbury-avenue, W.C. Wrestling will commence at 7.30 p.m. each evening. The finals will be decided on Friday, March 3.

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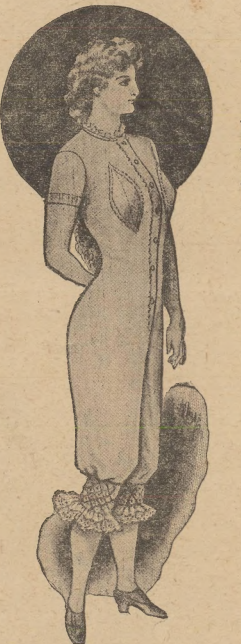
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